

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Useless Treaty

NOT a year ago Marshal Bulganin's Government tore up two treaties—one with Britain, the other with France. They were treaties of mutual assistance—in other words for friendship and co-operation. Why were they abrogated? Because Britain and France signed the London and Paris treaties giving sovereignty to Western Germany, admitting it to Western European Union and NATO. Now Marshal Bulganin wants to sign another of these documents, with America this time and possibly others with Britain and France later.

But he gives no guarantee that they will not share the same fate as the earlier two whenever Russia finds a suitable pretext to cancel them. And it would certainly find the pretext even if the proposed treaty was signed because the West is not going to dismantle the defensive structure it has laboriously built up in the last ten years to combat aggressive Communism.

Besides, what is the use of a friendship and co-operation treaty at all when Marshal Bulganin quite clearly demonstrates that the Soviet Union does not intend to budge one inch from its Geneva "summit" stand on the outstanding problems bedeviling East-West relations. Does he seriously expect the United States to make the concessions—to throw Germany to Communism and to abandon Europe to domination by the Soviet military colossus? And what difference does a treaty make? Will two signatures automatically wipe out tension and distrust, usher in goodwill and tolerance? Will the treaty itself resolve outstanding problems or make West or East any more amenable to the other? If Marshal Bulganin thinks so, his beliefs are devoid of any conviction.

What does Russia offer as evidence of its intentions? Mr. Krushchev's opprobrious slanders against the West in India and Burma and a chorus of obstinate "yeses" at the Geneva foreign ministers' conference. It was wise of President Eisenhower to release Marshal Bulganin's second letter immediately. It is to be hoped he will be equally prompt in rejecting the treaty proposal again. Russia needs to demonstrate a much more convincing change of heart before this idea can be considered seriously.

PEARCE MEMORIAL CUP
BIG SWEEP DRAW
Only 2 Major Prizes

The draw for the big cash sweep on this afternoon's Pearce Memorial Cup race at Happy Valley was made this morning at the racecourse.

Although the names of 64 ponies went into the draw, because there are only two starters for the race, the big prize money is divided between two lucky numbers. First prize is worth \$728,514, and the second \$242,838.

Holders of tickets drawing the remaining 62 non-starting ponies will each win \$10,444.64.

The race will be run at 3.30 and will be contested by Balkan Monarch and Oscar Prize.

Here is the complete draw:

Aan Cook	380280
Aces High	132122
Adonis	1404467
After Dark	1021045
Aladdin	486461
Always There	885042
Amethyst	885240
Balkan Monarch	1317954
Belinda	520173
Ben Nevis	1030374
Billy Boy	832055
Bluegrass	1295448
Burning Arrow	311393
Calypso	452571
Caravelle	185918
Carola	1313533
Centre Court	724783
Chesapeake	510169
City of Victoria	1303997
Consolidation	76400
Distant Sky	1389581
Dutch Rocket	696224
Easy Win	699108
Escalator	755707
Ever-glo	1401590
Gilga	1310447
Glenahoe	622315
Glory	1326314
Good Condition	1203542
Good News	900008
Hongkong Diamond	728094
Hydramon	1319289
Janis Eld	1244014
Jessie	1032895
Jubilant	600573
Kelpie	217613
Lancers Parade	1444101
Lombard	1420242
Mak Siller	219539
Man On	104290
Mayfair	1120312
Mercury	1143867
Million Dollar	532823
Morning Dew	1109471
Norse King	500697
Oat	907424
October Morn	739586
Oscar Prize	1039049
Pandora	1408049
Peach Blossom	356359
Princess Ellen	502596
Queen's Parchment	236770
Rebel III	117162
Red Light	28430

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: The Siege of Plocadilly, by Basil Francis: Is Any Dog Worth This, by Chapman Pincher.

P. 8: Little Girl with the Black Doll, by Valentin Drali: A Sure Cure for the Blues, by Sylvia Lamond.

P. 7: Sir Alexander Korda, by David Lewin. Will Miss Linden Step Into Dame Margot's Shoes, by Trevor Gee.

P. 8: The Mystery of Agatha Christie, by Thomas Wiseman. Four VC Holders on VC Heroes, by Merrick Winn: The Birth of a Baby—By Gramophone, by Peter Buchanan.

P. 13: Those Newspapers Injure Britain, by Sir Beverley Baxter. The Super-market Lies Behind the Foulde Story, by Stephen Coulter.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports news.

British
Researcher
Discovers
New Drug

Kaduna, Nigeria, Feb. 3.

The Queen was told today of the discovery of a new drug by a British research chemist to protect cattle from the ravages of sleeping sickness.

The discovery was announced for the first time when the Queen visited the West African Research Institute for Trypanosomiasis (sleeping sickness).

It is claimed the drug will prolong immunity from the disease for from two to six months.

It was announced in a colonial research report last November that scientists in Nigeria had carried out successful tests on a new drug called "Melarsen".

Dr. James Williamson, who discovered the drug, told the Queen today he started to experiment on it a year ago and had been running satisfactory tests on it for the past six months.—Reuter.

Mollet
Flying To
Algeria

Paris, Feb. 3.

M. Guy Mollet, French Socialist Prime Minister, will fly to Algiers next Monday to tackle personally the number one problem facing the new government—how to restore and maintain order in Algeria, where 15,000 rebels are tying down over 200,000 French troops.

His first task will be to convince Algeria's million European inhabitants that his policy is not one of "scuttle". At the same time he must persuade the nine million Algerian Muslims that they are really going to get the promised new deal.—Reuter.

HK Competition
Worries Canada

Toronto, Feb. 3.

A big, bright future for the rubber market was predicted by the industry today, but it expressed fear that much of the market may fall to low-wage foreign competition, forcing Canadian plants to close.

Part of the market has already been damaged by a flood of rubber footwear imports from Hongkong, produced by six cents an hour labour, the Rubber Association of Canada said.

Canadian producers felt that if the flood continues, their plants, employing five thousand workers, will be forced to shut down in two or three years.

POLICY BLAMED

The Association, in a brief before the Gordon Economic Commission, blamed the trend on a "too liberal" federal foreign trade policy. It said it could be only a matter of years before "everything we can manufacture will be offered to us cheaper from abroad."

It called for a complete overhaul of foreign trade policy to lay the basis for regulations, which will protect Canadian manufacturers from the inroads of low-wage producers.—Reuter.

Russian Wife
Gets Exit Visa

Moscow, Feb. 3.

The Soviet authorities have granted an exit visa for a Russian wife to join her American husband, whom she has not seen for ten years, the United States Embassy in Moscow announced tonight.

She is 60-year-old Emilia Terro. Her husband is Estonian born John Terro of New York, who left the Soviet Union in 1948 and took up US citizenship.

Mrs Terro made application to join her husband early last year. The visa came through last month. Mrs Terro is the second Russian wife granted an exit visa for the United States in the past three months.—France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING
SELECTIONS

By "Rapiet"	RACE 1	By "The Turf"	RACE 1
Char Ting	Another Victory	Fox Hunter	Char Ting
Another Victory	Free Kick	Free Kick	Another Victory
Outsider:—High Noon.		Outsider:—Another Victory.	
RACE 2	RACE 2	RACE 2	RACE 2
Ben Nevis	Rebel III	The Cherub	Burning Arrow
Red Light	Outsider:—Burning Arrow.	Ben Nevis	Outsider:—Red Light.
RACE 3	RACE 3	RACE 3	RACE 3
Five Gold	Sea Raider	Encore	Peachums
Bayshore	Outsider:—Encore.	Strathvohr	Outsider:—Bayshore.
RACE 4	RACE 4	RACE 4	RACE 4
Night People	Strathlin	Night People	Strathlin
Whispering Stag	Outsider:—Bonita.	Castle Peak	Outsider:—Bonita.
RACE 5	RACE 5	RACE 5	RACE 5
Miracle	Appreciation	Appreciation	Miracle
Outsider:—Oceanic Sky.		Oceanic Sky	Outsider:—Outsider.
RACE 6	RACE 6	RACE 6	RACE 6
Oscar Prize	Balkan Monarch	Oscar Prize	Balkan Monarch
RACE 7	RACE 7	RACE 7	RACE 7
Violent Ray	Quicksilver	Violent Ray	Quicksilver
Forward View	Outsider:—Every Day.	Never Forget	Outsider:—Citrus.
RACE 8	RACE 8	RACE 8	RACE 8
Good News	Peach Blossom	Norse King	Caravelle
Man On	Outsider:—Caravelle.	Ever-glo	Outsider:—Million Dollar.
RACE 9	RACE 9	RACE 9	RACE 9
Sunstroke	Beautiful Phoenix	Sunstroke	Dragon Fly
Allied Victory	Outsider:—Dragonfly.	Eagle King	Outsider:—Supreme Command.
RACE 10	RACE 10	RACE 10	RACE 10
Bashful Beauty II	Chesington	Chesington	Bashful Beauty II
Tombler	Outsider:—How Do I Know.	How Do I Know	Outsider:—Gladie.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the last race

This one is obviously not committing himself.

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Beat That which was unplaced.

Defiant Soviet Cpts
Change Their Minds

Alesund, Feb. 3.

Skippers of Russian herring vessels under arrest for alleged poaching in Norwegian waters have permitted police here to go aboard to assess the value of their catches and tackle.

Earlier today they had barred the way when the assessors tried to board the fourteen vessels here, but they reversed the decision after a conference with police chief Haakon Holmsen.

Mr Holmsen explained that if the assessors were not permitted to inspect the ships, estimates of the value of the ships, catches and tackle needed for court action due to take place next week would have to be done by rule of thumb or sheer guesswork.

He pointed out that in this way the values arrived at might be too high. The Russians then agreed to permit the assessment to start tomorrow.—Reuter.



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TO-DAY

He defied a Frontier of Comanche Terror!

JACK PALANCE BARBARA RUSH

KISS OF FIRE

Technicolor

REX REASON - MARTHA HYER

ADDED ATTRACTION: ON THE STAGE, IN PERSON
YOLANDA featuring Cha Cha, Mambo & Latin-American Rhythms

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

King's at 11.30 a.m. Princess at 11.00 a.m.
THE THREE STOOGES & Techni. Cartoons by Columbia
TOM & JERRY Technicolor Cartoons by M-G-M

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS SPECIAL MATINEE
To-morrow at 12.10 p.m.

Firdaus Films of India present
"JASOOS"
Starring Niroo — Kamran — Kumkum
Written & Directed by R. D. Rajput
At Regular Admission Prices

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COMMENCING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
It's A Riot All Right—A Laugh Riot!

LONDON FILMS Present
KENNETH MORE in his latest rollicking comedy
RAISING A RIOT

TO-MORROW MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

CAPITOL RITZ

— SHOWING TO-DAY —
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

MISSION OVER KOREA
The RKO-Loe DEXER
only TOTTER: M. O'SULLIVAN

Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
"BOTANY BAY"

FINAL TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

"A Streetcar Named Desire"
VIVIAN LEIGH
MARLON BRANDO

— NEXT CHANGE —
"MISSION OVER KOREA"
Sunday Morning Show
"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

LEE 3 SHOWS TO-DAY
At 2.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

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La Folies De SWAN
MAGNIFICENT DANCING SHOW
Played by Local Leading Singers, Dancers & Artists.
Admission \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 & 4.00
FINISHES 10.00 EARLY

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

"The Marauders" on the face of it, does not appear to have a great deal in it in the way of action.

Briefly, it concerns a lone squatter who barricades himself into his broken-down shack, backed up against the wall of a canyon and defends his attackers by the simple strategy of having a gun in every window, making them think that he is commanding a band of at least 15.

I can think of many other pictures that have roamed the world and included scenes shot in many different countries, but have not managed to hold the interest nearly as well as does this modest little film that never moves out of the desolate spot in the middle of the canyon where one rather dour and ordinary man holds out against a gang of cut-throats.

There are many points that are never explained in full and I found this unusually intriguing for a Western — where customarily every situation that is not immediately obvious is laboriously explained by a disembodied voice off screen, plus a hammered home repetition in the dialogue.

Jeff Richards is the squatter. He has found a small piece of land in the middle of the Arizona desert that happens to be a cross-section of the world in this particular part of the world, the local cattle baron gathers a gang together to drive him off.

There is much more interest in the relationship between the men in the gang however, than in the actual battles. Dan Duryea, with his somewhat irritatingly lip more noticeable than in some of his recent pictures, is the mild book keeper employed by the rancher. From his first cough it is evident that he is a sick man, and from the glitter in his eyes it is equally obvious that he is mentally sick too. It is not until his employer dies that his underlying meanness comes to the fore though; until then we only get a glimpse of what is to come by a passing reference to the fact that he insists on wearing his dead brother's army uniform.

Two New Faces

Then there is one of my favourite character actors, Keenan Wynn as Duryea's lieutenant. He is known as "Hook" for the same reason as J. M. Barry's villainous pirate Captain. His cold-blooded obedience to his master, while that master has the whip hand, is perfectly dote. He neither overplays it nor gives it less importance than it merits. For me he steals the picture.

But although Keenan Wynn is so right in his part it would not be fair to leave out the new find the M-G-M introduce in "The Marauders". Her name is Janna Lewis and it would be nice to see a lot more of her. She is lovely to look at, carries herself well and has a fascinating aloofness that makes itself felt even when she has nothing to say.

A protégé of Gene Kelly, an 11-year-old boy called Kasey is also not lost among the good performances from the other members of the cast. He is free from that horrible "cuteness" so many youngsters exhibit on the screen and the disciplined naturalness of his acting mark him down as a discovery equal in worth to that of his screen mother, Janna Lewis.

This is a western that almost makes me retract my oft-repeated cry "another western-ugh!"

Drama On Ice

We have seen a lot of films about flying of late, but "Top of the World", though as modest in its field as "The Marauders" is among westerns, has the same quality of surprise.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Marauders". A western. Dan Duryea, Janna Lewis, Jeff Richards and Keenan Wynn.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Kiss of Fire". A Spanish princess adrift in Old Mexico. Jack Palance, Barbara Rush and Martha Hyer.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Raising a Riot". A gangster thriller with the 1920s as the background. Jack Webb, Peggy Lee, Edmund O'Brien and Janet Leigh.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Pete Kelly's Blues". A gangster thriller with the 1920s as the background. Jack Webb, Peggy Lee, Edmund O'Brien and Janet Leigh.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Texas Lady". Claudette Colbert as the owner of a newspaper takes some risks of the wild west. With Barry Sullivan and John Littel.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Boy's Town". A juvenile delinquent is reclaimed by kindness. Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney. A re-issue.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Laughter in Paradise". An eccentric will and the peculiar tasks set for the beneficiaries. Alastair Sim, Fay Compton and George Cole, with a small part for Audrey Hepburn. This has been shown before.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Top of the World". American fliers stranded in the Arctic, plus a little love interest. Dale Robertson, Evelyn Keyes and Frank Lovejoy.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Combat Squad". A film about the Korean war. John Ireland and Lon McCallister.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "My Girl Friday". Castaways on a desert island. George Cole, Kenneth More and Joan Collins. Here for the second time.

"The Rain of Ranchipur". A re-make of the Myrna Loy-Tyrone Power picture, set, this time, against a background of modern India. Liana Turner, Richard Burton, Fred MacMurray, Michael Rennie and Joan Caulfield.

It doesn't attempt to reach for acing awards, but it is invigorating and the little team of fliers marooned "on top of the world" do not indulge in the usual mock heroics reserved for desperate situations.

Their position is extremely precarious, as the Polar weather station they have been sent to establish is located on an ice island, that a fierce storm is rapidly breaking up. The aircraft in which they have flown to this advanced base has been put out of action and they have lost wireless contact with their home station.

There are two love interests in the background—Evelyn Keyes and Nancy Gates, as a brush and somewhat irritating W.A.C. lieutenant.

There is a semi-documentary flavour about this film and I would put it among the better ones we've been offered lately.

A Rising Star

It hasn't been possible to see "Raising a Riot", but Kenneth More's steadily increasing acting ability and likable personality should be a good enough recommendation for anyone.

Recently I saw a preview of "The Deep Blue Sea" in which he stars with Vivien Leigh and although he had strong competition from both this talented actress and from another veteran, Emily Williams, his performance topped those of both.

From the synopsis of "Raising a Riot" it would not appear that he has much to do other than be his delightful self, but most of the critics in England seemed to like it and even those two rather choosy ladies, Dilys Powell and A. Leighton say, respectively, "The acting is good throughout" and "The laughs come freely".

It is about a naval officer who returns from three years' overseas duty, to be met with the information that his wife must immediately take off for Canada.

O'Brien has his own ways of forcing obedience to his schemes and soon the band is playing to his tune, with Kelly sometimes giving in, sometimes standing up to him.

The jazz background is excellent, some prominent players, having recorded for the sound-track.

One fault I have to find with the picture is that it is too jerky, with each scene not fading smoothly into the next. This makes the action difficult to follow at times, but there is nothing wrong with the overall atmosphere. It has the weary hopeless nervous tension that must have been a feature of adult life in the 1920s.

This picture is not for everyone, but if you like good jazz, a fast moving gangster melodrama and forceful acting, it's for you.

Reviews In Brief

It comes as a bit of a surprise to see Claudette Colbert in a western.

This clever actress who has been everything from Cleopatra to a tea planter's wife now takes to the trail in "Texas Lady", with Barry Sullivan. I hate to breathe such heresy, but I'm afraid she doesn't do it very well.

It's not a bad western, taken all round, but it depends for its interest more on the solid performance of that reliable film veteran John Littel (who plays the part of the owner of the saloon) and on the flamboyant acting of the best cattle baron, Ray Collins, than on the box office name of Claudette Colbert.

★ ★ ★

"Combat Squad" deals with a bunch of GIs during the fighting in Korea. There is the usual tough sergeant, a sulky replacement who hates the sergeant and resents the fact that he is not allowed near the fighting until he has had proper battle training, a medical orderly whose strong point is a philosophical outlook—and the usual complement of barracks-room jokers, girl hunters, etc.

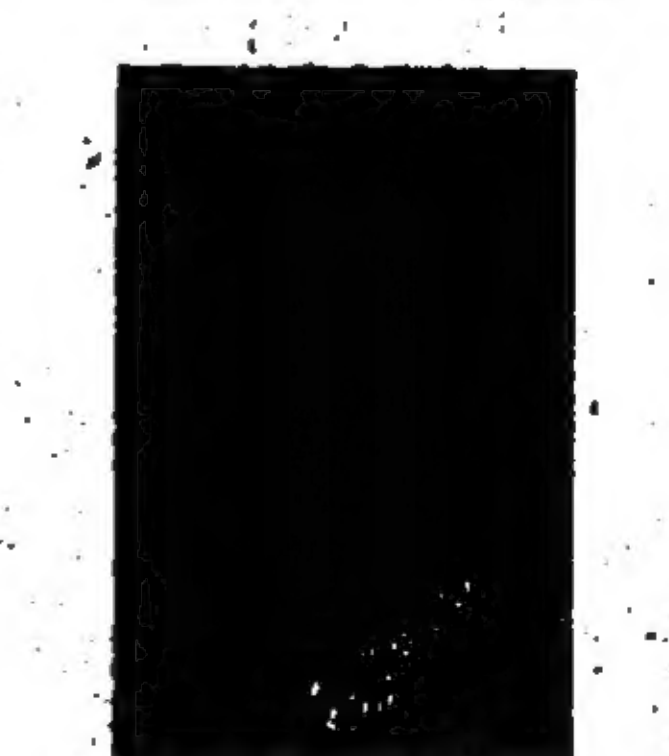
★ ★ ★

It's a long, long trek through hostile Red Indian country for Spanish Princess Lucia in "Kiss of Fire". She is successor to the throne of Spain and is trying to get to Monterey, where she hopes to board a ship for her home country. In her train she has cross-country couriers and a beautiful cousin who doesn't look as though she should be trusted for either.

The escort is provided by a renegade Spaniard, played by Jack Palance. Ed. Barbara Rush—the Princess—and her cousin, Martha Hyer in a brunette hair-do, encourage the fascinatingly ugly Mr Palance with long languishing looks, and Rex Reason has to wait until the end of the picture to find out which of the two will be left for him.

PIANO RECITAL

BY THEODORE HUANG



at QUEEN ELIZABETH SCHOOL HALL
on Friday, February 17, 1956
at 8.30 p.m.
Tickets: \$10, \$5, \$3, \$2, \$1
Distributed by: Mouton & Co., King's Music Co., Mayfair Music Co., Teang Fook Music Co., Yuen Lee Piano Co.

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Color by Technicolor
To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
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Marlon Brando • James Mason
in
"JULIUS CAESAR"
M.G.M.'s picture

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JACK WEBB as **PETE KELLY**
PETE KELLY'S BLUES
JANET LEIGH • EDMOND O'BRIEN
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BARRY SULLIVAN
TEXAS LADY
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Donald Duck in "NEW NEIGHBOR" and Latest Movietone News, Featuring: "A FANTASY OF FASHION."

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ROXY: Walt Disney's Technicolor Cartoons "SNOW WHITE" & "NATURE'S HALF ACRE"
BROADWAY: M-G-M presents Tom & Jerry TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

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THE SPANISH & MEXICAN STAGE TROUPE
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FERNANDO DEL MONTE (Famous Mexican Dancer)
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with their groups **PEPITA-NELIDA-ELVIRA**
Present Their Songs and Dances
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"OUR GIRL FRIDAY"
in glorious colour
Admission: Lodge \$3.50, Back Stall \$2.40 Front Stall \$2.00

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

★ Hi Fi Records Before The Races ★

Greyhounds Relax To Brahms & Beethoven

Miami.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—so said William Congreve. And in Miami, Florida, it is doing just that.

Two greyhound owners have installed Hi Fi systems in their kennels, which play Brahms and Beethoven to their dogs before they go to the post for a big race.

They are the President of the East Flagler Kennel Club, Mr Isidore Hecht and Mr Jack Cooper.

And at least two Miami psychiatrists agree that the "sound" music from the Hi Fi turntables is kept "on the right track" when it comes to the charms of music.

Mr Hecht said it was the "sound" of the paddock judge Mr Bill Harris who left a symphony would put the dogs in a "relaxed state for the races."

chestrator at the Track Clubhouse.

Two Miami psychiatrists asked what they thought of the symphony's appeal to dog nerves, agreed the music would "calm them."

A Miami Beach psychiatrist said he thought as long as farmers used music to relax

cows during milking time, he could see no reason why the music wouldn't give the dogs a "couchlike quality."

Mr Harris said the dogs apparently had no particular favourite yet "as long as it's classical."

"Nothing is too good for the dogs," he added. United Press

So, Each Race Day...

Starting at 8 p.m. each racing day, music from the Hi Fi turntables is kept "on the right track" when it comes to the charms of music.

The dogs hear the relaxing tunes in the big kennel room in which they are kept. The special kennel room is supervised by the Florida State Racing Commission and is "strictly for the dogs." Not even dog owners are allowed in after 6 o'clock.

"These dogs are inclined to be nervous," said Mr Harris. "They used to bark and that makes them lose much of their energy."

He believes music will help put them in a state of "relaxation."

Cows Have It, Too

"It tried jazz at first," Mr Harris said. "But you'd think they were a bunch of bob cats the way they acted. They went wild. But when we put on the classical music of Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart and the other greats of classical music they just loved it. They hardly whimpered. It just put them in a state of serenity."

Disc jockey for the greyhounds will be Manny Gates, who at one time was an or-

It Makes you S-L-I-M

Stockholm.

Two doctors who developed a new Swedish reducing preparation reported in the Swedish Medical Journal that it seems to be a good aid to reducing.

Writing in the Journal, Doctors Holger, Nyström and Gullew Swenning, both weight reducing experts at the St George's Hospital, said that the product had given their patients the "subjective feeling of complete satisfaction that is absolutely necessary to eat less and reduce weight."

"When given in connection with a diet and under a doctor's directions, the preparation has given results that must be held encouraging," the two doctors said.

'No Universal Remedy'

"The medicine is no universal remedy for fat people who want to become slim, but it seems to be a good expedient for weight reducing cures," Drs Nyström and Swenning concluded.

The manufacturer is planning to export the preparation.

Now, however, the demand in Sweden is surprising all expectations and the entire output is sold on the Swedish market.

A company spokesman was not able to say when the export will begin, but he admitted that negotiations with foreign buyers are going on.—United Press.

Hook Not Needed

Wellington.

A shark landed off Mayor Island, in the Bay of Plenty, was hauled aboard a launch without a hook-mark on his body.

Two fishermen pulled the shark up from 80 fathoms and found the line wrapped firmly round its jaw, with the hook dangling free.—China Mail Special.

New Front Awaits Army's Humanitarian

THE GENTLE SERGEANT JOINS UP

By Anthony Brown

London.

SERGEANT Albert John Cass, the gentle sergeant of artillery, the N.C.O. who has never sworn at a private and who wakes his men with a smile, is to leave the British Army.

The 43-year-old soldier is to serve another flag and another army after 14 years as a gunner.

Artillerymen at Woolwich, where the gentle sergeant is stationed, talked of him the other day.

There was the R.S.M. "Sarril" Cass? Fine disciplinarian, smart soldier, a credit to his Army—

as he will be to the one he's going to serve.

A fine man

"He doesn't drink, smoke, or swear. He's never thrown a dice, or been in a pantofole school. All of us admire him—from the bandmen to the colonel."

There was his comrade from the days of 42: "His served in a battery which shot down 120 flying bombs, apart from Dorniers and Heinkels off Dover and Portsmouth. He served in the desert, in Jordan, and with anti-terrorist patrols in the Canal Zone. A very fine man."

There was the corporal: "At 06.00, when reveille sounded, Sarril Cass doesn't hurry into the barracks room shouting: 'Get up, you lazy so-and-so's! No, it's: 'Out of bed, chaps! ... time to get up and sing and shout! And every time he gets results."

There was the gunner: "I remember making a mistake when I was on No. 1 Bofors. Some sergeants would have cussed and cussed. But not Cass. He said, sharply: 'Wake up, you dozy blighter, wake up.' I woke up."

And there was the National Service man: "He's as hot as mustard on such things as cleanliness, maintenance of weapons, smartness, and respect—but in a gentle way."

"He doesn't put you on a charge unnecessarily. He'll take you on one side and have a quiet word in your ear."

Now to his other army—the army he joins as a full-time soldier in ten days.

Eight years ago he lost his parents and his home. He re-



enlisted. "I felt like letting my principles and beliefs slide," he said.

"But one Sunday I stopped to listen to a prayer service at a street corner in Woolwich. I went to an evening meeting. My beliefs and principles were strengthened. I decided to join the organisation."

"I held Bible reading classes amongst the soldiers, and swore allegiance to the Articles of War beneath the Blood and Fire symbol on the flag of my new army. I became a soldier of the Church."

It was suggested that the gentle sergeant should go into the service of the poor when he retired from the Artillery.

And so he will go to work among the derelicts of London, among the men who sleep in archways and doorways, or huddle in the winter by ground-level grilles to catch the warmth coming from the London hotels.

Sergeant Albert John Cass changes his khakis, chevrons, gaiters, and brasses of the British Army for the blues and peak cap of the Salvation Army. His new rank: Hostel Sergeant-Major.

THE HOUSE THAT PLASTIC BUILT

A young French architect student who wanted to rescue his countrymen from the tawdry garrets of Paris has triggered the development of the world's first all plastic house.

The house—made entirely of plastic from its furnace to its rug, and draperies—goes on display here next month at the annual salon of household arts.

Every item in it is derived from one of fourteen basic plastic developed by the French coal industry.

The house was put together in four and a half months by a team of scientists and architects working under the direction of French fashion magazine "Elle". Authorities claim it gives France the

lead in the development of plastics for everyday use.

It was started when Yves Schein, anxious to improve Paris housing conditions, took his idea for a plastic dwelling to the French coal industry. The coalmakers put their technical brains to work on the project and enlisted the aid of the magazine and some of France's top architects.

Three Bedrooms

The result is a modernistic, one-story dwelling composed of four basic units—a circular centrepiece nine yards in diameter and three bedroom units which will be attached to one half of the circular centre.

The other half of the centre section will house the dwellings' living room, and dining nook and will be enclosed by a transparent wall stretching from floor to ceiling.

The house will be decorated in yellow, grey and white underneath a blue roof.

Its designers point out that it can grow with a growing family as extra bedroom units can be attached to the centrepiece as the family expands.

Several innovations are planned for the interior of the house including one-piece kitchen and bathroom fixtures, its builders say.

The house is made from the basic moulds over which a series of plastic sheetings have been stretched. The moulds are then assembled and the house comes into existence.—United Press.

From Miami: Trainers Use Classical Music To Soothe Their Greyhounds' Pre-race Jitters.

From London: The Gentle Sergeant Leaves The Army To Serve Another Flag.

From Stockholm: A New Preparation To Help Get Rid Of Excess Weight.

From Paris: A Young French Architect Has Developed The World's First All-plastic House.

Next we'll be playing

AFRICAN TSOLO

London.

A game played for centuries by Africans, who shrouded its rules in tribal tabu, will be introduced to Europe at the British Industrial Fair at Earls Court, London, this month. The game, tso, is played on a similar principle to draughts.

It was brought to Britain by Miss Pattle Price, a South Africa authority on Bantu folklore, who learned how to play it before the war from a Basuto house-boy.

Cowrie Shells

The game is played on a board which has four parallel rows of six holes—two rows for each player. The counters are cowrie shells, and the firm which will manufacture the game in Britain has imported these shells from Africa to make the game more authentic.—China Mail Special.

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£45 A WEEK AND YAWNS

—BUT HE LIKES HIS JOB

London.

Down on dingy Waterloo Road a film star who earns £50,000 a picture is working so hard for £45 a week that he could hardly keep awake while I interviewed him.

Lots of screen stars have ventured to leave Hollywood and its temptations and "go back to the theatre." But smouldering Richard Burton is one of the very few who have actually done so.

He has not moved grandly from the stardom of Hollywood in films such as "The Robe" to the stardom of Broadway or London with his name in lights and his fame and reputation used as a magnet at the box office.

Finest Acting

In the theatre he chose, the name of the play takes top billing. And the name of the playwright, usually William Shakespeare, comes next. The names of the cast are listed but that's about all. And yet Richard Burton seemed so happy in the Old Vic Theatre as he ever has been before the cameras.

He apologised for the fourth of fifth time for yawning after I walked into his shabby little dressing room crammed with the costumes of his role as "Henry V." At that very moment a British national newspaper was selecting his performance as the finest acting of the London season.

"We've been rehearsing Othello all day," he said rubbing his hands over his face and through his hair. "Terribly hard work and I'm afraid I'm not at my best. I was lying down when they told me you were at the stage door."

No one at the Old Vic earns more than £45 a week but Burton said he regarded the renewal of contact with a live and critical audience as a priceless experience. And this season in Othello he is achieving another of the acting goals he set himself when he left his coal mining family to seek his reputation on the stage.

Unstable Alexander

The tall Welshman from Pontyhyddfen, conceded that the underpaid calm of the Old Vic was a restful change from the adventurous filming in Spain of "Alexander the Great" in which he plays the title role.

This is one of those staggering epics with thousands of extras locked in the struggles that made Alexander, King of Macedonia and Captain General of Greece at 20, Emperor of Persia at 26 and conqueror of the known world before his death.

FAIRYTALE CASTLE

TO BE SOLD

Lanzburg.

Schloss Lanzburg, a typical fairy-tale castle, is to be sold to the Government of Canton Argau by its American owners, the Ellsworth family.

The castle, perched on a hill above the medieval town of Lanzburg, was bought in 1911 by the father of the polar explorer, Lincoln Ellsworth. The widow of Lincoln Ellsworth, who is Swiss, has lived there in recent years.

After five months of negotiation, a preliminary contract has been concluded between the Canton and the Ellsworth Family Foundation, represented by the Historical and Art Preservation Company, of New York.

The Cantonal Parliament of Argau has yet to discuss the purchase. The price has not been disclosed.—China Mail Special.



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THE Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, snapped as he drove to Southampton from London to board ship for the United States for his talks with President Eisenhower. The newly-appointed Foreign Secretary, Mr Selwyn Lloyd, accompanied the Prime Minister. (Express)



LEFT: Hancocks, the London jewellers and silversmiths who manufacture the Victoria Cross, are keeping very much in the background during the centenary celebrations of Britain's highest award for military valour. But here is a picture of a VC being chased by a workman at Hancocks. The metal comes from bronze cannon captured at Sebastopol during the Crimean War. (Express)



CARBARET star Yana is offered a drink by Mr Bryan Johnson at a gay party held at London's Pignalle for stage and screen celebrities. The Pignalle in this instance is not the Paris stretch of gay pavement but a London night club. (Express)



BETTY TAYLOR, 20-year-old Glasgow girl, has withdrawn her offer to marry anyone who would pay £1,000 to help clear her father's debts. She is pictured with one of the suitors who called, 30-year-old James Burns, a plumber from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Her offer made front-page news throughout Britain. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



PRINCESS MARGARET arriving at the Drury Lane Theatre to attend a preview of the new American musical comedy, "Plain And Fancy." The Princess broke a Royal tradition by entering the theatre through the front door instead of the special side entrance. (Express)



MISS Edith Chun, who is one of eight Hongkong girls now training in England as BOAC air stewardesses, shows her instructor, Mr John Lawrence, the correct way to use chopsticks. Miss Chun will fly on routes between Hongkong and Calcutta, and Chinese food will be served.

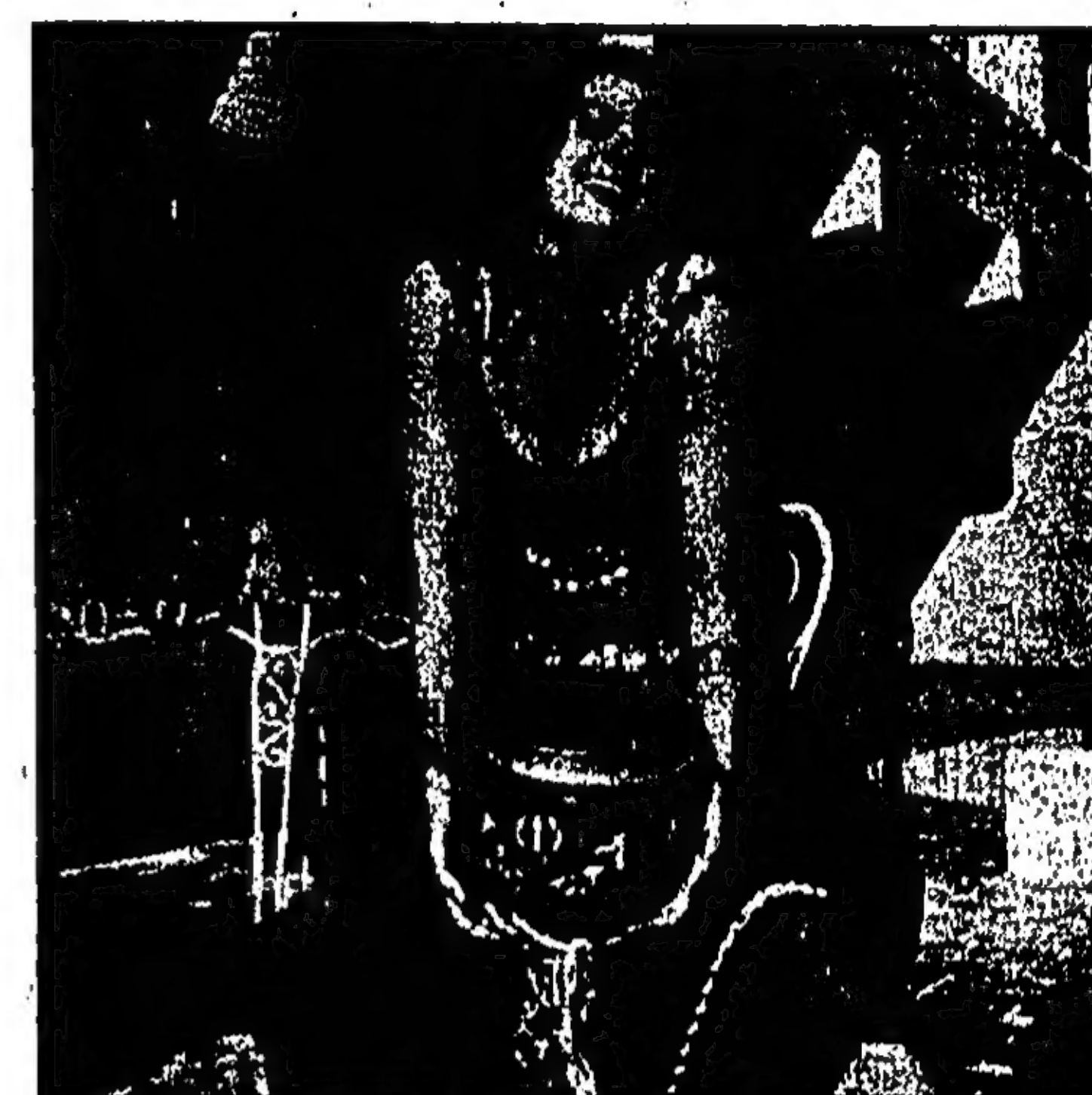


TWO young visitors from Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, Phillip and Pamela Lee, say hello to Amber, a six-year-old fox held by keeper Iris Daley at the Zoological Gardens, London. (Army News)

MRS Ariadne Constantinidou, 43-year-old Cypriot twice attacked by masked gunmen after Athens Radio accused her of spying against Cyprus terrorists, being helped off a plane at London Airport. She is in London for treatment for her wounds. (Express)



IAN MAJOR, 38, ex-Royal Marine officer (left), and his one-man crew, Major Gordon Illars, also 38 and also ex-Marine, aboard the 25-foot motor sailer Buttercup, in which they are to sail across the Atlantic on an 8,800-mile voyage. Scene is Row-hedge, Essex, where their craft is being fitted out for the journey. (Reuter-photo)



RIGHT: Sweden's Anita Ekberg, former beauty queen who is now a fast-rising Hollywood star, pictured on location in North Africa for the film, "Zarak Khan." Anita's costume nearly caused a riot because local native women called it too revealing. (Express)

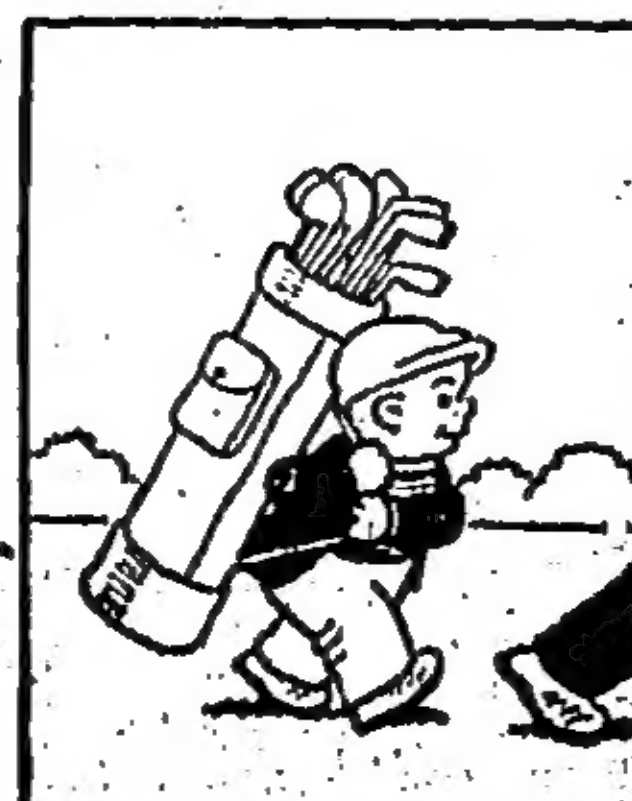


SEAT of the world's foremost municipal parliament, London's floodlit County Hall makes an impressive sight at night from the Victoria Embankment across the Thames. The lights enhance the beauty of its central crescent colonnade. The building cost nearly £3½ millions to erect, and was opened in 1922 by King George V. (Banews)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



More trouble brewin' with China...

WITHOUT wishing to discourage the beautiful Chinese girls who began training in England last week to be air hostesses between Calcutta, Hongkong, and Singapore, I forecast that the B.O.A.C. campaign to increase passengers on these routes is doomed from the start.

When all the Mrs. Sahbis get wind of what's going on it's a sure bet that air travel in the Far East will take the biggest nose-dive on record: "Why this sudden craze to take the air, Stantleigh? You'll go by elephant, my lad—you'll be safer."



London Express Service

A THOUSAND GUARDSMEN TO ARREST ONE MAN

THE SIEGE OF PICCADILLY

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES RETOLD BY BASIL FRANCIS

THE name of Burdett is commemorated today in the many schools and libraries endowed by that beloved Victorian, Baroness Burdett-Coutts. As a child Angela Burdett-Coutts played happily in the great house in Piccadilly owned by her father, the millionaire banker, Thomas Coutts, unaware of the fact that only a few years before she was born the house was the storm centre of one of the most bizarre scenes in London's history.

During three exciting days in the spring of 1810 the Riot Act was read twice in 24 hours and Piccadilly echoed to the tramp and clatter of detachments of Life Guards, Horse Guards, Dragoons and Hussars deployed in military formation—all for the purpose of arresting one solitary M.P. and conveying him to the Tower of London.

AGITATION

Sir Francis had been a thorn in the Government's flesh for many years from the day he was first elected to Parliament in 1796 and straightforwardly horrified his patron, the Duke of Newcastle, by exhibiting marked Left-wing views and by stirring up agitation against Pitt and his administration.

The first rumblings of the impending storm came on a bleak February afternoon in 1810 when the House was upon a debate on the defeat of the British forces at Walcheren and the Scheldt. The public galleries were cleared, much to the disgust of a belligerent Radical from Wales, a small-time apothecary named John Gale Jones, who published a sardonic broadsheet criticising the action as an attack on the freedom of the Press.

This article so infuriated Mr Speaker Abbot (later Lord Colchester) that he readily agreed that Gale Jones had been guilty of a breach of privilege and signed a warrant committing him to Newgate gaol forthwith. This was just what Burdett had been waiting for, and he rose to demand Gale Jones's instant release and the benefit of a fair trial.

OUTVOTED

The demand was outvoted and Sir Francis retired to compose a vigorous piece (to be published in Cobbett's Political Register) denouncing the House of Commons in general and Mr Speaker in particular, accusing him of setting himself up above the law of the land and of violating Magna Charta.

Mr Speaker could not take this attack lying down, and he hurriedly called in his advisers. The Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs, advised caution, but the Speaker was determined to teach Burdett a sharp lesson. Burdett must go to the Tower.

Sir Vicary pointed out that the Speaker's authority in such matters did not extend to offences committed outside the precincts of the House, but Abbot would listen to no reason and suspended the normal

business of Parliament to allow the motion to be put for the impeachment of the Honourable Member for Westminster on the charge of issuing a libel on the House.

After an all-night debate the motion was carried, and Abbot handed to Sergeant-at-Arms Colman a warrant charging him to "... take into custody the body of the said Sir Francis Burdett and then forthwith to deliver him over into the custody of the Lieutenant of His Majesty's Tower of London."

With strict injunctions to avoid any fuss, and in particular any public show of force, the Sergeant hastened to No. 78, Piccadilly, to collect his prisoner.

PROTEST

Sir Francis was "not at home" so the Sergeant left a polite note begging leave to know at what hour he might "wait upon him" for the purpose of making the arrest. Burdett replied, equally politely, that he would be happy to receive the Sergeant at midday on the following day (Saturday, April 6).

The Sergeant called again and pointed out that his orders were to take him "forthwith" and not to wait until the next day. Sir Francis declined to be taken, either then or on any other day, and issued an open letter to his constituents protesting against this most enormous abuse of power and most dangerous of all encroachments upon the rights and liberties of Englishmen.

On Saturday morning Sir Francis rose early and unconcernedly went for a canter in

Rotten Row with his friend and ardent supporter, Rory O'Connor, the Irish patriot. The printer's of Seven Dials had worked overtime composing their smugly masterpieces of topical doggerel, and by mid-day the ballad-mongers and pamphleteers were doing a brisk trade among the crowd which increased steadily as the day wore on.

CORDON

After lunch the first real excitement occurred when with a jingle and clatter of accoutrements a troop of Life Guards rode up from the nearby barracks and began forcing the crowd back and clearing a space before No. 78.

There was plenty of vocal abuse but no heads were broken; the crowd refused to disperse, and eventually a magistrate was secured to read the Riot Act. A hush fell on Piccadilly at the sound of these ominous words, and the Burdettites fell back a little. A cordon was drawn across the road from Dover Street to Bolton Row. The siege of Piccadilly was on!

Sir Francis watched all these manoeuvres from behind the curtains of the first-floor drawing room. The mob, now several thousands strong, settled down to the pleasant task of "chivvying" authority with jeers and catcalls and by pelting the patrolling guardsmen with empty beer bottles.

Came the dawn... but there was precious little Sabbathical calm in Piccadilly as Sergeant Colman made one more attempt to serve the war-

rant. As he walked sheepishly away from the front door of No. 78 a section of the crowd again struck up the Ca Ira.

Up came the angry magistrate and for the second time read the Riot Act and ordered the mob to disperse. By now they were sufficiently numerous to give him an unequivocal answer, to which he swiftly countered by ordering out yet more military—this time another detachment of Life Guards.

By nightfall it had become almost a full-scale military operation.

Anxious consultations went on in Whitehall until the small hours and finally poor Colman was ordered to take Sir Francis... or else!

Fortified by a promise from the Speaker that a blind eye would be turned on any damage he might cause, he advanced grimly down Piccadilly and ordered the Commanding Officer to close in on No. 78.

DECOY

Up went a scaling ladder to the drawing-room window, and an intrepid constable began his wary ascent. There was no movement from inside the house and no opposition until he hung open the window and put his hands on the sill.

He drew himself up and found himself gazing into the eyes of Rory O'Connor, who was rubbing his hands in gleeful anticipation. It must have been a great temptation for the Irishman to push the ladder away but he contented himself by slamming the window down sharply on the officer's fingers.

But the heroic ladderman was only a decoy; immediately a

second assault was launched this time on the basement window. The window was smashed and the Footguards poured in escorting Sergeant Colman.

They found Sir Francis and his family calmly sitting at table; one contemporary account adds (with what sounds suspiciously like journalistic licence) that Sir Francis was reading Magna Charta to his 14-year-old son.

The Sergeant stepped forward and read the warrant.

PRINCIPLE

As he finished he touched Burdett on the shoulder. The siege of Piccadilly was raised....

The Dragoons and Life Guards reared their horses and scattered the crowd as Burdett appeared and stepped into the waiting carriage.

As Burdett alighted at the Tower Gate the Tower guns boomed. He was received by the Governor personally.

The rest of the story can briefly be told. Burdett was given every comfort and privilege to which his rank entitled him. A few weeks later at the end of the Parliamentary term he was released (as was also Gale Jones from Newgate) and slipped out the back way unobserved.

Such is the fantastic story of the Siege of Piccadilly 146 years ago. Was Burdett a martyr or merely a meddlesome trouble-maker?

Those who accuse him of trouble-making should recall that a few impassioned words from him could have touched off a riot in Piccadilly. But he kept silent. He maintained great dignity, as for the sake of a principle, he defied the might of the British Army.

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A PROVOCATIVE AND PERSONAL REPORT

IS ANY DOG WORTH THIS?

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

DO you realise how the advances in medical and surgical science are being used to help not just sick babies or men and women but dogs and cats? The trend has been growing for some time. But now it has reached, in my view, the ridiculous.

● VETS are applying latest scientific techniques to household pets to an extent which seems hardly justifiable except on the ground of absurd sentimentality.

● INTRICATE operations have been made on cats... with masked surgeons, expert anaesthetists, and all the paraphernalia of the "hospital theatre."

● SHATTERED LIMBS have been repaired with metal plates and pins—for the sake of dogs.

● SPECIAL treatments for "slipped discs" in dachshunds and Scottish terriers have been devised.

● BARBITURATE sedatives, gold injections, monkey gland, ACTH, and other powerful hormones are among the vast array of drugs now being administered to pets.

Record—so that other vets may hear about the drug's possibilities.

"Unfortunately," she writes, "both dogs are now 'addicts' in the sense that their condition deteriorates immediately if dosage is interrupted or reduced."

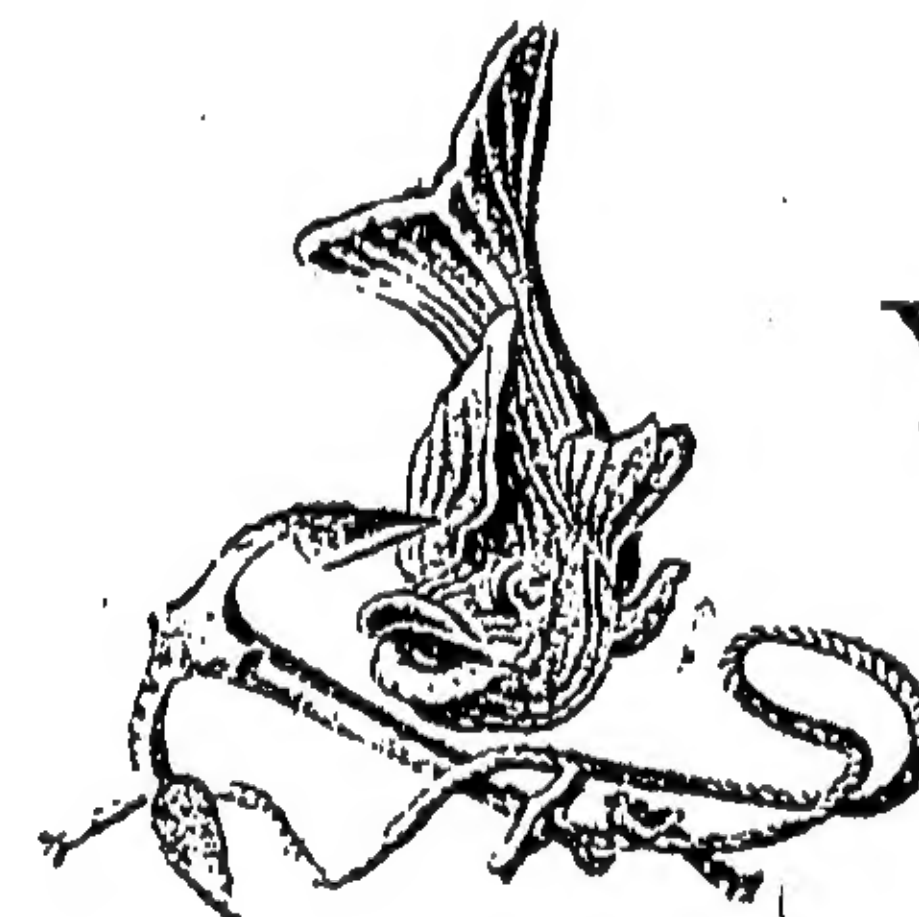
"But both have undoubtedly been enabled to live happy, if somewhat limited, lives for much longer than had been anticipated."

How far will this sort of thing go?

Some vets have even urged the application of psychiatry to dogs and other animals "subjected to the stresses of civilised life."

The British Veterinary Association has set up what is tantamount to a 999 emergency service for people with sick goldfish and other "less usual domestic pets."

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PARIS NEWSLETTER FROM SAM WHITE

A MURDERED MAN'S HEIRS NOW CLAIM HIS FORTUNE

THE ownership of four leading hotels in Paris and the Riviera has been placed in jeopardy by a curious legal action brought by the heirs of a murdered man.

The hotels concerned are the Hotel de Paris in Paris, the Negresco in Nice and the Majestic and Martinez in Cannes.

The murdered man was a Russian adventurer, Michael Skolnikoff, who amassed a fortune during the war by acting as a purchasing agent for the German Army of Occupation.

The greater part of his fortune he invested in hotel properties. After the liberation he fled to Madrid.

Four members of General de Gaulle's Secret Service were dispatched to Madrid to bring him back to stand trial on collaboration charges. They succeeded in doing so, and with the Spanish authorities they could have proceeded to arrest him.

Shortly afterwards Skolnikoff's charred remains were found inside a burned-out motorcar on the Spanish side of the Franco-Spanish border.

According to the plaintiffs' counsel, the four Frenchmen told the Spanish police that Skolnikoff had been killed by them while trying to escape. Five years later a military court in Paris sentenced Skolnikoff to death "in his absence" and ordered the confiscation of his property.

BRISK RATE

Now Skolnikoff's heirs are appealing against the sentence on the ground that a man cannot be tried after he has been murdered by the agents of the law. They asked, too, that Skolnikoff's former property should be restored to them. If this is not done they threaten murder charges against the four men to whom the Spaniards handed over Skolnikoff.

The matter has been brewing for some time, but has caused considerable excitement in financial circles. The French Government has been selling

them off at a brisk rate. The Majestic and Martinez have been sold to M. Francois Andre of the Cannes and Deauville Casinos. The Dreyfus banking interests were allowed to buy and convert into offices the old Hotel Astoria on the Champs Elysees on condition that they took the Hotel de Paris off the Official Receiver's hands.

Now a further complication has been added. M. Emmanuel Martinez, who was part owner of the hotel bearing his name, was also dispossessed after the war on collaboration charges.

He is now an Italian citizen and he, too, is bringing an action alleging wrongful conviction. He is being backed in his claim by the Italian Government and he is prepared to produce documentary evidence of having rendered services to Allied intelligence officers during the war.

ALY KHAN

A BRIEF paragraph by the American newspaper, the New York Times, has caused an effort to make that Service divorce valid in France has been initiated. French Divorce Court.

Commented one of them: "It is not as though Aly Khan lacks experience of French divorce courts. As it is one can only suspect that his legal advisers looked on Paris as just another Reno."

Can Aly Khan marry the model Bettina elsewhere? He can, but only if he is prepared to risk facing a charge of bigamy in France. The tangle over this problem of making the Nevada divorce valid here is now so complicated that the simplest way out of the difficulty may be for Aly Khan to institute fresh divorce proceedings against Miss Hayworth, but this time in Paris.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

● Playwright Sacha Guitry.—I must be getting old. The women I met now invariably look younger to me than they really are.

● Fifty-three-year-old novelist Georges Simenon.—A writer has nothing more to say after the age of 40. If he is clever he knows how to hide it.

● Biologist Jean Rostkowski.—It is too natural to admire a handsome woman than to admire a handsome man. (COPYRIGHT)

A MURDERER IS STILL AT LARGE!

LITTLE GIRL WITH THE BLACK DOLL

TWELVE dusty photographs in black frames on a shelf under the lounge bar of the Star and Garter Hotel, Windsor, are the last remaining link between that famous boxing hostelry and the cruel killing of a gay little girl four years ago.

It was a very hot summer Saturday noon, the bar was packed with a loud, hard-drinking crowd and a few locals. It was shorts, mostly doubles, that came across the bar. There was hardly a beer to be seen.

Perhaps the murderer was already in Windsor that day. Maybe he was already in that packed bar. Anyway, a most horrible murder story was to start from the very door of this bar the next day.

SUGAR RAY VIP

PHILIP Brossard, the landlord, came through from the public bar and saw the scene through a blanket of cigarette smoke lying at head level across the room. If the murderer was there and is reading this story now he may remember the strange thing that happened the next moment.

The smoke worried Mr Brossard. "No smoking in here," he ordered, adding, "Sugar Ray will be coming in soon and he don't like smoke while he's training."

Such was Sugar Ray Robinson's V.I.P. status among Mr Brossard's customers that this unprecedented order from a landlord was obeyed without dissent although the few remaining locals took a poor view of it.

The Star and Garter, with its boxing gymnasium at the back, had long been a pre-bag fight centre for heavyweights. But it had never lost its character as a local pub.

CHANGED PLANS

THE next day, Sunday, Sugar Ray, rumour had it, would make a personal appearance at one of the windows of the Star and Garter. After lunch a large crowd started to collect on the pavement and in the road outside the hotel.

In the crowd, in fact actually in the courtyard entrance of the hotel, stood a gay fair-haired little girl of seven clutching her favourite black doll for Sugar Ray to see.

Also in the crowd, in the hotel or nearby, was a man watching the little girl. Soon they were to speak, soon she was to be dead.

Who that man was no one knows for certain. Let us call him the unknown but revoluting Mr M; it is a good cipher. M for murderer, moron and maniac, except that maniac is too kind a word for a man who did what he did.

Yet, if it had not rained that morning this unpleasant story could never have been told.

That morning Mrs Butcher had planned to take her son John and Christine to the swimming club for the day. But when it started to rain she decided to cancel the arrangement and make a Sunday lunch at home. That is how Christine came to be looking out of the window when the crowd was gathering outside the Star and Garter four shops down the road.

By Valentine Dyal

In the unpredictable way of children Christine suddenly got the idea of taking her favourite black doll down to the pub to meet Sugar Ray. She ran down into the street and then stopped—she had left a bag of sweets in the flat upstairs. If she had forgotten them she might come back soon after to dip into the bag, but she remembered them too soon. Her mother threw the bag out of the window to her and then watched her run down the street and disappear into the crowd.

Her mother never saw her again. When Christine had not come back to tea at 4 o'clock her father went down the street to fetch her back. She was not there. Her mother and father started searching the town; they went to the swimming club, to the morning's arrangement and gone there alone, they searched everywhere that they knew Christine knew.

When dusk came they went to the police.

All that night their front door was left open in the hope that Christine would find her way home or a policeman would bring her.

While the worried and distraught parents kept a night-long vigil listening expectantly to every footfall on the pavement below, a murderer knew that Christine would never again return to her home.

HIDDEN BY GRASS

SOMETIME and somehow, between the time she was seen outside the Star and Garter by her mother at the flat window and probably early evening—she had only eaten two more sweets—the murderer had entered her through the hot streets teeming with visitors to a secluded field near the castle.

There, within calling distance of hundreds of people, but hidden by the long summer grass, he criminally assaulted and killed little Christine.

No one saw him speak to Christine, no one saw her walking through the streets, sitting in a car or walking in the field.

As the long grass hid the final hideous act, so did the thousands of sightseers overflowing the pavements and the bonnet to bumper crawl of cars in every road hide Christine and her slayer on that fatal walk or drive of half a mile from the town to the field outside.

What thoughts this ghoulish killer had that night—and since—may never be known. It is known that after strangling her with the belt of her blue raincoat he covered the little body over with it. Whether that was a pathetic reverent act in a last moment of remorse or because he could not walk away till he had hidden, from his own just-crazed gaze, the horrible sight which he had caused, no one knows.

Beside her lay the little black doll, its eyes closed, and the unfinished bag of sweets. For two days she lay there in the shadow of the castle, while mounted squadrons of the Life Guards passed within yards and police dragged the river a little way away.

IDENTITY CHECK

BACK at the Star and Garter there was great activity. That was the last place where Christine had been seen. Stables, cupboards, lofts, and attics were searched in case she had been locked in while looking for Sugar Ray.

The boxer himself was questioned by the police. He was worried—lost one of the many hangers-on who had collected round his training centre might be involved in this disappearance. Photographs and films taken of the Sunday crowd outside the hotel were published far and wide, and the police started an identity check on every figure in those pictures.

Came the night of the big fight—Sugar Ray lost it, many people said, because he was so worried and embarrassed by the events of the week-end. Listening to the fight on a portable radio in some long grass near the castle was Kenneth Firth. He had run out from Ealing to enjoy the warm evening. Before he could listen through to the result he was to

The Star and Garter has been bought by a brewery, the lounge has been redecorated and refurnished. The photographs have gone from the walls, and a young manager and his wife are working hard—after all this time—to eradicate the memory of a killing that people still remember when they pass by the Star and Garter.

THEY STILL HOPE...

THE Butchers had saved up for a proper holiday in the summer of 1951. After Christine had gone they counted their holiday money and Mrs Butcher said, "It's our lot, give it to Christine."

They bought a fine headstone for her grave. It was all they could give her. But they never visit that grave. They think it better to live with the happier memories of her young life with them in the flat.

They buy flowers for her and put them beside her photograph on the dresser in the sitting-room where she used to play.

They still hope their daughter's killer will be found.

Next Saturday: A Child Found Strangled

Politics apart, the French have achievements to their credit which any nation—even Germany, Britain, the USA or USSR—would be proud to claim.

WONDERFUL TRAIN-RIDE, AND NO SIGNALMEN!

By Norman King

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



how even such a thing as punctuality is divided in France into watertight compartments.

If you are invited to a reception at 11.30 a.m., they are surprised to see you at 11.35. You catch a muttered comment about "l'excuse" and realise that it would have been much more gentlemanly to arrive nearer twelve.

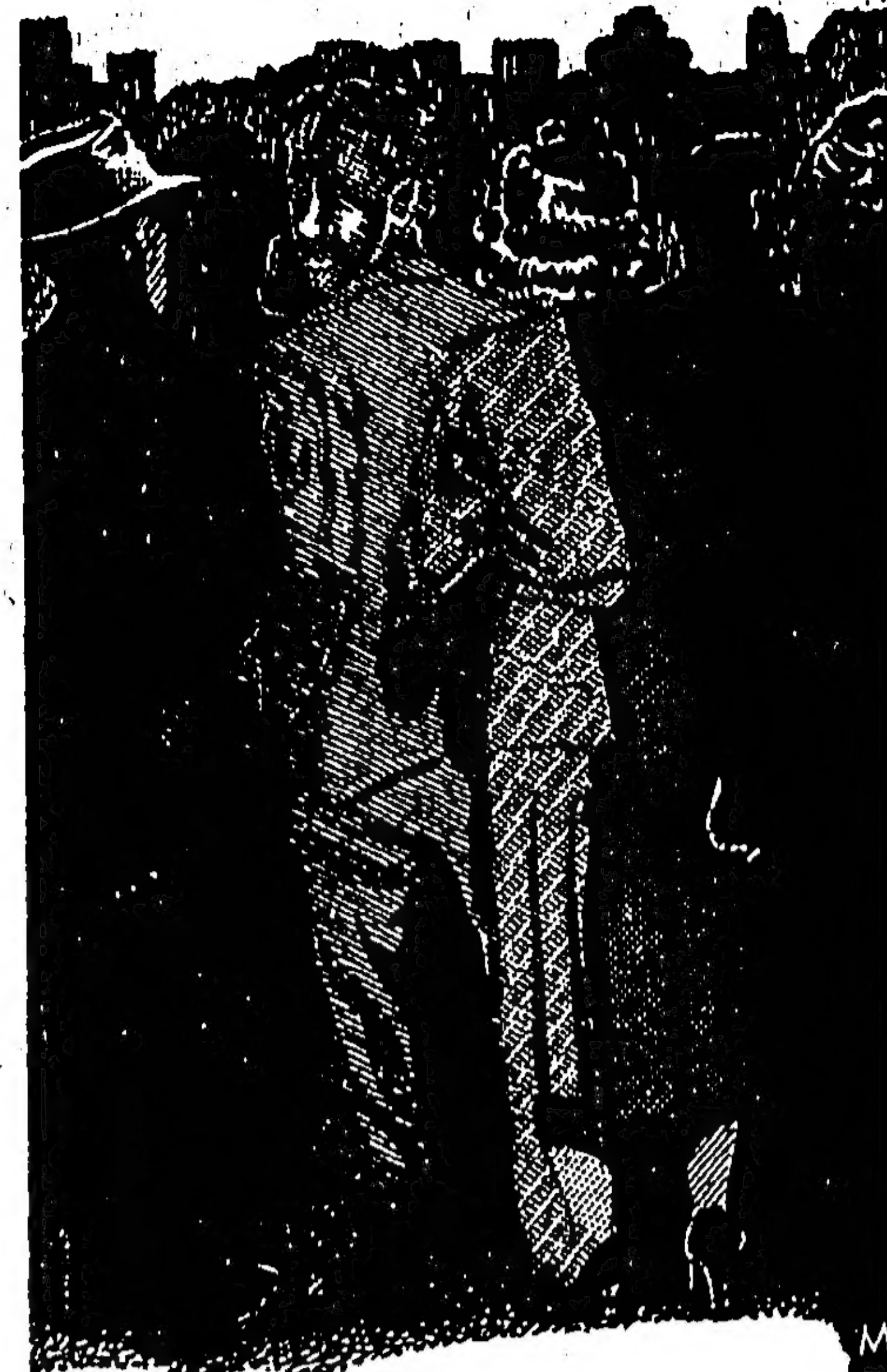
But by arrivals and departures at the Mistrail end of all other French trains I used, you can set your watch.

It is an uneasy feeling when travelling at such speeds to realise that signalmen are almost non-existent. There used to be 800 of them between Paris and Lyon. Now there is only one.

He sits in a room at Dijon, sorting out by remote control the traffic on the 10-mile stretch of main line between Dijon and Blaisy-Bas.

Due to difficult terrain, this has been left as a two-track defile in what is otherwise a four or six-track system. Hence the human hand at the controls—elsewhere the signals are entirely automatic.

On these two tracks, Gallie enthusiasm and ingenuity have



Also in the crowd was a man watching the little girl. Soon they were to speak; soon she was to be dead.

relegated the block system, together with up-and-down lines, to the realm of history. Trains travel on either track, in either direction. A slow train on one track can be overtaken by a fast one on the other.

MARSHALLING MIRACLE

I confess that this control room gave me some anxious moments, but I was assured that everything was perfectly foolproof. The equipment is French-designed and French-built.

Near Dijon, I was shown another modern railway miracle—the marshalling yards of Gevrey Chamberlain, where men at control panels in high towers are sorting out up to 3,500 wagons a day on 61 parallel tracks.

It is all done with the ease of a proud father playing with his son's new electric train set.

To achieve this efficiency, the controllers use such devices as short-wave radio contact with drivers, remote-control pneumatic brakes and photo-electric cells which can be set to change the points when a train passes.

And there is no danger of stoppages in winter—all points are electrically heated.

BOUQUET FOR BUFFET

The French Railways wouldn't be French if they weren't thinking in terms of still higher speeds. They are now pondering the results of an experiment a few months ago when a train drawn by one of their new electric locomotives was whipped up to 206 mph.

Another idea which is to be tried soon is the remote-controlled main line train. There will be one driver aboard at first, just in case, but it may be possible to dispense with him later on.

I cannot leave French Railways without mentioning lunch in the station buffet at Dijon.

A superb lunch. Inquiry revealed that the man who cooked it had been France's champion chef two years before. Which reminded me that the acknowledged best chef in Paris is at the Gare d'Est.

Nature has played a delicate trick on the French by providing

one thing which is too fast for them—the River Rhone. Such is the current that navigation from the Mediterranean to Lyon was always difficult: from Lyon to the Lake of Geneva impossible.

The river's challenge has been accepted. La Compagnie Nationale du Rhone was formed in 1934 to do a tremendous job.

The Rhone is being made navigable for 1,500-ton ships from the sea to Geneva, whence there will be connections to the Rhine and the Danube.

In the process, it is planned to extract hydro-electric power from the torrent to the tune of 14,000,000 kilowatt-hours a year, and to assist irrigation in the plains of Bas-Rhone.

This plan involves 20 individual projects, and though only three have so far been completed, these are already providing a quarter of the total scheduled power production.

GREAT STATION

Another project due to come into service in 1957 at Montellier will provide a further 1,670,000 kilowatt-hours a year.

One has to bear in mind the interruption due to war, and also the colossal scale of even a single individual project.

The Douzere - Mondragon scheme, which came into service in 1931, involved the digging of 19 miles of main canal wider than Suez, and the erection of two dams and a power station.

Then there was a host of minor matters, such as irrigation canals and housing for the workers.

Today, with six great turbo-alternator units helping to make its main hall look like something from another planet, this one power station is producing more electricity than is used by the whole of French Railways. Its output is nearly enough to serve the whole of Southeast France.

Adjoining the power station is a lock which can raise ships through 20 metres in less than nine minutes—a world record both for height and speed. And the entire plant employs only 80 people.

Show-places like this, and the railways, have few equals anywhere.

THE NIGHT WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP

AS Christmas approaches old Jack Groves always organises a local brains trust, and last year I was conscripted on to it. So there I sat on the platform with Miss Tanner, Professor King from the University, Donald Dawson the artist, and the chairman.

The chairman handed us all a piece of paper with a question written on it and then said: "No doubt the doctor will start this off."

I stared down and read—WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF SLEEPLESSNESS? "The normal amount of sleep," I began nervously, "varies widely with age, habit and personality. Thus an infant of one month sleeps about 21 hours out of 24, while a child aged four needs some 12 hours. Adults, of course, generally require about eight hours' sleep."

"Rubbish," interrupted Professor King. "I sleep only three hours a night regularly without any impairment of my health."

"Yes," I tried to smile, "but most people who have had inadequate sleep find it difficult to concentrate, and lose their normal alertness and their sense of well-being. They are unable to carry out difficult mental activities."

The chairman pointed out to me that I wasn't answering the question, so I started again.

"Insomnia may be due to faulty habits of hygiene, or it may be the result of acute illnesses accompanied by, say, pain, or fever. Then again insomnia may be due to chronic ailments like cirrhosis of the liver, high blood pressure, certain heart and lung diseases where not enough oxygen is going into the blood stream."

"Faulty habits of hygiene. What do you mean?" Miss Tanner asked belligerently.

I was sure she didn't sleep well at night just from her tone.

"Well," I explained, "some people can't sleep if they are exposed to undue excitement before retiring. Everybody knows how small children won't go off to 'bye-bye' if they are too stimulated. In the same way adults who are prone to suffer from insomnia shouldn't read ghost stories or detective novels before turning in."

"Apart from excitement they shouldn't drink tea or coffee late in the evening, for those beverages contain caffeine. Nor should they go to bed either hungry or with too full a stomach, or have too many clothes on the bed or too few."

"Yes, yes, yes, all very well," said Miss Tanner, "but supposing your habits are healthy and you use your common sense?"

"Most people," I continued, "who can't sleep outside the causes I've mentioned fall to

do so because of some anxiety or depression that they may not even be aware of."

I went on to describe a number of putative causes I'd referred to a psychiatrist. For insomnia can be a symptom of some deeper tension.

"People who visit psychiatrists should have their heads examined," said Donald Dawson.

"No," I protested, perhaps losing my sense of humour. "Too many of us have a prejudice against psychiatrists, but psychological treatment is much better sometimes than continuously resorting to sedatives."

Just then, the chairman handed me another little note. I thought it was a further question but it read: Mrs Taylor is expecting a baby. Please go at once.

"Would you be good enough to excuse me?" I said.

Mrs Taylor and I were two people who didn't get much sleep that night.

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SYLVIA LAMOND DISCOVERS

A SURE CURE FOR "THE BLUES"

I GOT so thoroughly down I went to see my understanding doctor; and I want to tell you about his prescription because it did me a lot more good than the usual bottle of tonic.

"Buy some vests," he said briskly, "and wear them. Half the women who come to me don't wear vests because they bulge under their light skirts—or some such nonsense."

"They think they're run down, when all they're suffering from is over-exposure to cold."

"Have an early night with hot milk, then an evening out—which will probably buck you up more than the early night."

"Be a bit extravagant—and do something to your face and hair," he added. "You can't fool me that you're too sick to try!"

That final knock went home. I went off to see Riche about a new hair style. "And it had better be good," I said. "The doctor sent me!"

Riche came at me with the scissors. "I don't want any off," I warned. "I'm growing it for the longer look."

"This is between stage between short and long hair—impossible," said Riche. "No wonder women come in here so depressed."

He produced a yard of thick chestnut brown hair attached to a little "canoe" of stiff nylon.

"With this I can give you any number of long-haired styles. You think you've got troubles. Do you realise hair like this is cut from the head of an Italian peasant girl—at the roots! She then wears a cap and starts again until she has grown more waist-length hair to sell!"

Riche gathered the straggly ends of growing hair into the canoe-shaped bit of nylon and fixed it to the back of the head with special non-slip clips.

Even Riche was surprised. "You usually look as if you can earn enough to take good care of yourself. Now you look as if you need protecting."

Wonderful man! Blistful words, as any modern woman knows.

What with being housewife, mother, cook, accountant, career-girl... just a bouncing bundle of reliable efficiency—it's no wonder we feel like breaking loose sometimes.

"Let's keep it this way," I said wildly.

But Riche wanted to be practical. He wound the hair into half a dozen exciting styles.

I chose to keep the one he called "the bottomlock" which sat on top of the head. It gave me two extra inches of height, and in a curious way, that up-swept coil made me pull up in every way.

I was all set for that evening out.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII

SCARLET PIMPERNEL

ELEPHANT BOY

FOUR FEATHERS

LADY HAMILTON

RICHARD III

KORDA

by
DAVID LEWIN

... As we worked together in this past month, I saw all his life ... like a film

ON the day before he died I lunched with Sir Alexander Korda and his beautiful wife Alexa in their apartment in Millionaires' Row—Kensington Palace Gardens.

There were just the three of us—and Korda's bulldog. Buttons. We chatted through the afternoon, Alex in his white silk monogrammed pyjamas and dressing-gown because he was not feeling well and had stayed in bed until one o'clock when his doctor had left him.

He joined me in a brandy although really he was not supposed to drink and said: "You know, David, I came into the show business 40 years ago knowing nothing. Then I learned everything. Now I know nothing again. That is films. Sometimes I think of retiring but then I go to my desk again and know I cannot. When you have been on the treadmill as long as I have it goes faster and faster and it is not possible to step off."

FROM DONAT ... TO DORS

HIS life tingled with excitement and surprise. The list of the stars he worked with ranges from Donat to Dors—from Oliver to Orson Welles—from Vivien Leigh to Shirley Eaton (the latest girl he put under contract). Winston Churchill was once a script-writer for him.

His films spanned a turbulent era in Britain from "The Private Life of Henry VIII" through "The Sound Barrier" to his last, "Richard III". We talked of many things that last afternoon: of his home, so elegant with such distinguished paintings—a Canaletto from Venice, a nude by Degas, a Van Gogh, and several Rembrandts. They are worth at least £400,000.

We talked about Alexa, the 26-year-old Canadian girl he had married three years ago, and he was saying: "I have never been so happy with anyone as with Alexa. I never knew a real home life until I married her—and yet I think she would like to leave all this and move with me into two furnished rooms."

He had been married before to an actress, Maria Farkas, and then later to Marie Oberon whom he spotted in a studio canteen as an unknown extra named Queenie Thompson. He has a grown-up son Peter, who is in Paris.

On that afternoon we laughed too about Hollywood. He told me once Howard Hughes, the millionaire eccentric, invited him for lunch and then insisted on taking a private plane trip for two hours into the desert to a restaurant there instead of eating at one round the corner.

BIG BEN

WE talked about his illness—he had heart trouble for a year. "I may be going into hospital near the House of Commons for a check-up on Wednesday."

"I was there a year or so ago. Through the night there were enormous chimneys every quarter of an hour from Big Ben. They kept me awake. To think they formed the symbol I took for my company, London Films."

In his quarter of a century in British films Korda has made millions and spent them and lost them. He had an astonishing flair for staying afloat in film storms that would capsize anyone else.

His philosophy of money was simple. He gave a gift of £5 to a small nephew on the boy's birthday. With the money he also offered advice. "It is a present," he said. "So I want you not to spend it—but to waste it."

DENHAM

BUT he would also want to know about every last penny his films earned in India. He could buy the TV play "Dial M for Murder" for £1,000 and sell it to Hollywood for a profit for more than £30,000.

He directed "The Private Life of Henry VIII," starring Charles Laughton, for £50,000 in 1933. It made Laughton a star and was the first British film to achieve world-wide attention and acclaim.

"It cost £50,000 because that was all the money we had," said Alexander Korda. "Maybe part of the trouble afterwards was that we all had too much money."

The success of "Henry VIII" ... and Korda was able to conjure up half a million pounds from the Prudential to build the vast Denham Studios—the biggest in Europe before the war.

The Prudential backed the pictures Korda made ... "Catherine the Great" ... "The Ghost Goes West" ... "Fire Over England" which brought Oliver and Vivien Leigh together for the first time. There was "Knight Without Armour" and "Sanders of the River," and "Elephant Boy."

Great films ... but also losses. Colour was pushing up costs faster than people paid to see the pictures.

'NO MORE'

OFTEN "The Men from the Pru" came down to say "No more money." Korda took time off from filming to charm more money out of them, and the Prudential would be in for

HIS THREE WIVES



MARIA FARKAS 1919-10



MARIE OBERON 1939-43



ALEXA KORDA 1953-56

HIS MONEY—AND PHILOSOPHY

Korda was wealthy. He put his money in property (a house in Kensington Palace-gardens, a villa in France), in paintings (his private collection would be worth around £400,000), in his old films. He probably died a millionaire. Yet he said: "I suppose in films the art—as Mr. Dulles said of diplomacy—is to come to the brink of bankruptcy—and stare it in the face."

another £100,000. The studio went on filming. He would sit until four in the morning playing bridge—a game he did not like—with a Prudential director and then be back on the set by 8 a.m.

When the war came the losses were £2,000,000 and the Pru closed down the studios. Korda made a cash offer for some of his old films.

He paid the Prudential less than £10,000 for pictures like "Henry VIII" and big epics such as "Thief of Bagdad". When the war ended there were untapped markets for the pictures in Germany and Japan. "Henry VIII" earned him £10,000 a year alone.

"You want to know my greatest failure," said Korda to me one day, pacing up and down his office at Hyde Park

Corner (Hyde Park Korda it was called).

"I'll tell you. It comes back to me every time I travel along the Oxford road and look for the sign that says: 'To Denham Studios'. The sign is no longer there—for Denham is dead. Sold. That is my greatest failure."

After the war came a new Korda start. "Bonnie Prince



HIS LAST SMILE

Charlie" ... and a remake of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Third Man" and "Gilbert and Sullivan."

All bore the unmistakable stamp of Korda—Korda the cavalier and Korda the master showman.

Korda dealt in staggering sums of money—and survived. There were fresh triumphs and new losses. Fifteen months ago he was removed from his post as adviser to British Lion, a film company backed with Government cash. There was a loss of £2,000,000.

That night he invited me to dinner and we talked: "Of course it hurts," said Alex. "It hurts like a tooth that has been pulled out."

"Not all the losses were my fault. But they have given me the blame—I will take it. I make no excuses."

At that time—15 months ago—I knew he was closest to giving up "the show business." But he carried on. New finance came from America and Britain and now even greater success than before. "Richard III" ... "The Two Farinings" ... "Storm Over the Nile." All box office winners.

Because there was no one else in the realm of films with such a talent and flair for making films of distinction Korda gathered to him again the Oliviers ... Sir Carol Reed ... David Lean ... Alec Guinness, Katharine Hepburn.

I spent weeks with him before he died. Weeks when we talked, walked, munched sandwiches, and discussed politics and paintings, religion and romance. His brain was sharp and keen, his wit was acute and his intelligence and understanding were profound.

He was planning to make "Macbeth" and "The Admirable Crichton."

He wanted to start the new year of his new success with a new Alec Guinness comedy specially written by Ludwig Bemelmans.

THE SUN

SIR ALEXANDER KORDA, Hungarian born, knighted in 1942, is 63. I still find it difficult to write about him in the past tense. But his company with the Big Ben trade mark is still alive ... will continue to make "Korda" pictures, for his brothers Vincent, the art director, and Zoltan, the producer, are coming back to London.

I remember as I left him on that last day we laughed again about Big Ben chiming. "Why does it strike eleven?" I asked him.

And Korda laughed: "Because when we set up the cameras to film Big Ben it was at that time the sun came out ..."

For Korda the sun was always about to shine ...

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WILL MISS LINDEN STEP INTO DAME MARGOT'S SHOES?

*Sooner or later the question must be answered—can Sadler's Wells Ballet produce another star like Fonteyn?

By TREVOR GEE

Blue-eyed

This slim and lissom 23-year-old dancer, blue-eyed and fair-haired, is strongly tipped as a likely successor to Fonteyn's crown. Right now there are almost as many future prima ballerinas at Covent Garden as there are runners in the Grand National. But just because Margot Fonteyn has been made a Dame there is no reason to suppose her retirement is imminent.

Sooner or later, though, the question must be answered: Can the Sadler's Wells Ballet—where the emphasis is first and foremost on teamwork—produce another star like Fonteyn? Watch Miss Lin-

den. She has more than an outsider's chance of finding her name at the top of the list when the time comes.

Rapid progress has marked her out since she emerged from the corps de ballet about three years ago. Solo dancing released a spring of style and temperament, anchored to level-headed determination. Her frank, no-nonsense manner is as much a part of her charm as her childlike face with its appealing grin-wide smile.

"Of course, I have ambitions," she declared. "What dancer hasn't? But day-dreaming doesn't help. Neither does being too cynical. I like dancing for its own sake, that's all."

Manchester-born Anya took to it seriously from the age of 12. Some lessons from famed Hollywood teacher Theodor Kosloff touched off her ambition. The family were then living

in California, where her father was working as a research physicist. When they returned to England, Anya was accepted almost immediately for the Sadler's Wells school.

"Half-way through training," she recalled, "I thought I was a flop. I couldn't control my movements. I couldn't even dance in time. I wanted to give it up altogether, but I didn't."

'I'm sure'

I asked what had led her to persevere. "Because," she flashed, "I couldn't bear to think I'd wasted my time—and my parents' money." Did they object to her choice of career? "They certainly didn't stand in my way," she replied. "They left me to sort it out for myself whether it was what I wanted. Now I'm sure it is."

Anya is called by the Russian equivalent of her baptismal Ann because she spent the first five years of infancy with her family in Leningrad. Quillo a globe-trotter already, she is the veteran of six overseas tours with the ballet company. Two were

America, and she has also danced in Portugal, Spain, Germany and Holland.

Lisbon fascinated her most, even though it was there that Anya suffered the dancer's nightmare. She lost her petticoats on the stage. Stepping clear as they ballooned around her feet, Anya finished the dance as one of the others managed to fling them into the wings.

"I caught it afterwards from the ballet mistress. Now I tie an extra knot in the drawing—to make certain."

No dieting is necessary to keep her neat figure. "I eat whatever I want," she said, and is really more worried about appearing too scrappy than the other way round. Living alone in her North London flat, she cooks from necessity rather than choice, but occasionally indulges in "something exotic."

There was nothing exotic about her casual, almost school-girlish manner of dress. Anya confessed that she is no needlewoman. "I tried knitting a pair of lights once. I used enormous needles to finish them more quickly. They turned out like of six overseas tours with the ballet company. Two were

Her clothes are chosen for comfort rather than appearance—plain and simple in line, but preferably in bright colours. "I never bothered much. What's the good of dressing up off-stage as well as on?"

Modern ballets, she admitted, are trickier to dance than the classical. But also, because of that challenge, more interesting. "Always I want to translate music into dancing—from Beethoven to Jolly-Roll Morton and lots of others."

It is the primal urge which grips those whom we talk of as "born dancers." That is one essential quality. The other is the flair to transform the urge into technique. Anya has plenty of that too.

A language

"Dancing to me is a language—a way of expressing things," she said. "Not just a matter of steps put together."

True enough, but in my mind I wondered whether those responsible for the inhibited kind of training our dancers seem to be getting are aware of it. You cannot run a ballet company like a hockey team. Yet that is what they sometimes look like on the stage. Anya the stars of the future there! Anya can give us one answer if she wants. Perhaps it is an omen that one of her most successful roles was in a ballet called "The Shadow" ... of a new Fonteyn?

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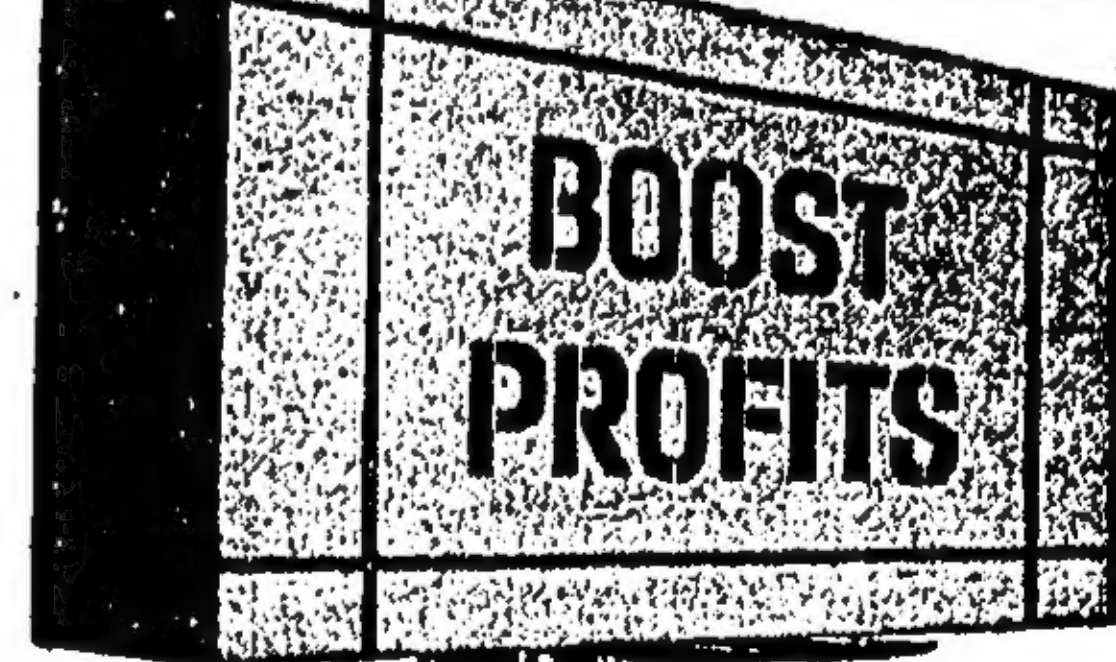
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Check For Reds On Royal Tour

By Percy Mayne

UNUSUAL precautions are being taken by Special Security Officers entrusted with the safety of the Queen during the Royal Tour of Nigeria. This follows a suspect Russian move which, it is feared, might cause unrest among the native population.

There is evidence that Soviet agents have been trying to incite tribal secret societies to open revolt like the Mau Mau war in Kenya. Russian propaganda keeps telling them the British are oppressing them.

UNDESIRABLES

The Foreign Office is certain the recent Russian deputation to Nigeria's near neighbour, Liberia, was carefully timed to make an impressionable African "Soviet-minded" on the eve of the Queen's visit.

Nigerian police have worked feverishly on security arrangements. Every one who will come into contact with the Queen is being screened.

Africans who will wait on the Royal party have all been checked and issued with passes, bearing photographs, so that police on duty at the various residences where the Queen and Duke will stay can quickly recognise the genuine servants.

Police in neighbouring territories have been asked to check undesirable crossing into Nigeria during the tour.

Local papers report that "150 ruffians and well-known gangsters have been arrested and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment to keep them out of the public eye during the Queen's visit."

WOOLING OF LIBERIA

All new arrivals in the Colony and hotel registers are being checked.

Examination of all Royal routes and high buildings overlooking them has been part of routine security procedure.

Although the Queen is accompanied by her own two private detectives from Britain, Chief Superintendent Perkins and Superintendent Kelly, two or three local police officers will always be at hand to keep an eye open for possible trouble-makers.

It is stressed by all concerned, however, that security problems are considerably eased by Nigeria's enthusiasm for the Royal visit.

Police Inspector-General R. J. P. McLaughlin says: "Everyone, from every part of Nigeria and every section of the community, is tremendously excited and enthusiastic." The waving of nearby Liberia—Russia's first "new diplomacy" thrust down into the heart of Africa—follows a propaganda campaign.

The Cominform Journal in Moscow two years ago stated: "The question now uppermost in the minds of all Nigerians striving for liberation of their country from imperialism is to find the practical steps to transform this prospect into reality. A firm lead, coming from the working classes, can relieve the pent-up energy of the movement and give it such a purposeful direction that in unity with the worldwide anti-imperialist movement it can end British imperialistic rule in Nigeria."

SECRET SOCIETIES

Although officially there is no Communist Party in Nigeria, there are undoubtedly secret societies among the tribes, just as there is Mau Mau among the Kikuyus.

Just after Christmas in Sierra Leone, the British Colony adjoining Liberia, police were forced to open fire on a hostile mob, killing five natives and wounding three. Twelve Africans have been killed in uprisings since December.

The arrival of Mr. Generalov, first Soviet Ambassador in Libya, is worrying Western Powers, who think Russia means to establish an advanced post there in readiness for an overall campaign to stir up the natives throughout Africa.

Russia is sending a scientific expedition to Central Africa this year. The Soviet Academy of Sciences has ordered intensified studies of African languages and affairs, and African students are being encouraged to go to universities behind the Iron Curtain. (Copyright)



FOUR VC HOLDERS ON VC HEROES

By Merrick Winn

Sunday last was the 100th birthday of the Victoria Cross. Much has been said and written about V.C.s recently. Here is what four V.C.s say about themselves.

FOUR men whom the world considers heroes said to me: "Get us down from this pedestal—we're no more heroic than anyone else."

Now the question is: Did they speak the truth?

If they did there is comfort for the rest of us. There is comfort for every man and woman who has ever wondered: Would I be heroic too if a crisis came? Let's see....

I met them for lunch in London, these four who hold the world's proudest decoration: the Victoria Cross. It started as a celebration for the 100th birthday of the Cross. It ended as an investigation into heroism.

They looked like four men you could have picked from any bus or train stop. In fact, they were two V.C.s from the last war and two from the one before. Tom, Petty Officer T. W. Gould, R.N. Jacko; Warrant Officer N. C. Jackson, R.A.F.V.R.; Bob; Sergeant R. Downie, Royal Dublin Fusiliers ("All the same I'm a Scot"). Jacko; Lance-Corporal J. R. Christie, London Regiment.

★★★

Bob Downie, 62, earns £9 17s. 6d. a week as a fitter's mate in Glasgow. Jacko, Christie, 60, a Manchester sales director, pays surtax. Tom Gould, 41, and "Jacko" Jackson, 37, are both London commercial travellers.

"Now look," began Jacko Christie. "We're going to be absolutely honest with each other about this. No false modesty. I'm no hero and neither are you."

"But most of us are ordinary chaps who just happened across the three vital factors in winning a V.C.—luck, opportunity, and someone to see you."

Well, this is the man whose "conspicuous bravery," one midnight 39 years ago, "saved many lives." He took a supply of bombs and attacked enemy trenches all on his own.

"A damn silly thing to do, and I wouldn't do it now," said Jacko. And added the oh, well, I suppose I was young....

The others said "Yes" to that and the man who said it loudest was Jacko—Jacko, thinking back to the time in 1914 when already wounded, he climbed out on to the wing of a Lancaster to fight a fire and then fell off, to hurdle earthwards with a blazing half-opened parachute. His citation described his feat as "almost incredible."

★★★

"It was," said Jacko. "Incredible to me. I'd be scared to crawl out on to a balcony now. I can't think how I did it. But Jacko got the answer—youth! I was young and stupid and, if you like, cocky."

Was he afraid? His reply was almost scornful "Afraid? Of course, I was—terrified. I really thought I was off to heaven."

Tom Gould echoed that. Tom, whose "cold-blooded courage at the highest order" helped to save the submarine Thrasher. With Lieutenant P. S. W. Roberts, R.N., who was also awarded the V.C., he removed two unexploded bombs from the ship's gun-room.

The citation added that at one point: "Every time the bomb was moved there was a loud twanging noise... which added nothing to their peace of mind."

Said Tom: "That is understating it a bit. I was scared stiff. All the same, I've always thought the crew had a worse time than I did."

"They could do nothing but wait and pray. I had a job to do and that kept off the worst panic. I was staggered when they all thought I'd done something wonderful."

"It's just as Jacko said—you're not really a hero, it's only that other people think you are."

★★★

There seems to be something in that. I found it almost comical, as an onlooker, to see how each of these men, themselves V.C.s, were impressed by the exploits of the others.

As Bob Downie put it: "I'd no more have the courage to climb out on the wing of an airplane than go down in a submarine—let alone play about with unexploded bombs." Then how did Bob win his V.C.? Well, in 1916, he showed "most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty" when, with most of his officers killed, he organised an attack more or less single-handed.

★★★

Do not think these men are not proud to hold the V.C. Of course they are. Said Jacko: "I don't make a show of mine, of course, but I'm tickled to death when anyone finds out."

It is simply that they cannot believe they deserve it, or that there are not many thousands who deserve it more. Thousands who, perhaps, could include you and me.

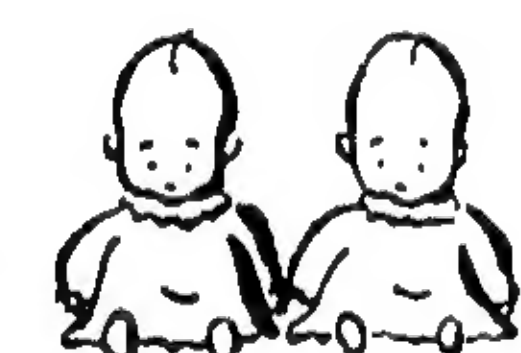
It was Jacko who said: "The truth is that, given the chance, there's a V.C. in everyone...." I wonder.

(Copyright)

A TAPE RECORDER BY THE BEDSIDE OF A MOTHER-TO-BE...

THE BIRTH OF A BABY — BY GRAMOPHONE

By PETER BUCHAN



A RECORDING of the birth of a baby, from the time it starts to arrive until just after delivery, is to be made in Britain. Then the record will go on sale to the public.

A tape recorder placed at the bedside of a mother-to-be will pick up her conversation, just before the birth, with the doctor and midwife.

Then the birth itself—with the doctor's instructions to the mother, and her replies.

The record will end with the first noises from the baby, and the mother's first words to it when it is only a few seconds old.

Name A Secret

The name of the mother will be kept secret. The baby, which is due early in the spring, will be her first.

The record will be made under the supervision of Dr Grantley Dick Read.

His revolutionary methods for "childbirth-without-pain" are widely used all over the world, and in many British hospitals, although

they are still the subject of controversy.

Dr Read will speak first on the record, explaining his theory of natural birth without anaesthetics.

He said: "My wife will describe the exercise I have evolved which will help to make this possible."

"The mother's conversation will show what can be done if she is taught to relax and to forget her fears."

"A woman following the instructions and knowing

what is happening stage by stage will find that the child arrives with no unbearable discomfort."

To Remove Fear

Mr Harley Usill, a director of the company which will make the recording, said:

"From now until the birth, the mother will follow the instructions that Dr Read will give in his introduction to the record, and in a pamphlet that will go with it."

"We shall have this part of the recording ready before the child is born and the record will

be published as soon after that as possible."

Dr Read expects opposition to the recording.

He said: "Some hospitals in Britain still hold out against prenatal instruction."

"The idea that a mother must have a 'terrible time' to appreciate her child still exists."

"Other hospitals believe that she should be unconscious the whole time."

"I believe the first thing we have to do to make a birth easy is to remove fear."

"The record will help do that." (Copyright)

THE MYSTERY OF AGATHA CHRISTIE

Who done it? Who let the lady take £1,000,000?

WHO cares who done it? Evidently a few million people do—profoundly.

They have been willingly, eagerly, peacefully handing over to Agatha Christie and her partners in crime more blood money than Al Capone was ever able to extort with machine-guns and stiletos.

Now Miss Christie has been rewarded with a CBE—for littering the pages of her books and the stages of London and New York with enough bodies to make a murder syndicate look like a petty-cash business.

"Witness for the Prosecution" is up for sale in Hollywood. The price? £100,000. This play is now in its 13th month on Broadway and taking £7,000 every week.

London's two

In London she has "Spider's Web" at the Savoy, now in its second year, and "The Mousetrap" at the Ambassadors, in its fourth year.

"The Mousetrap" has just been bought for filming in England.

Miss Christie, I estimate, has induced the public during the past few years, to part with a cool £1,000,000.

How has she worked this literary—and perfectly legal—confidence trick?

This is a mystery that is deeper and more insoluble than any Miss Christie has ever written. I set out to solve it.

Who done it? And how is it done?

Let me introduce you first to the chief suspect, Agatha Christie, the archaeologist's wife who looks like an introverted Margaret Rutherford bound and gagged by chains of pearls.

She is not an easy person to interrogate. She is not an easy person to find. At present she is in Bagdad. But she could hardly be less accessible there than she is usually when staying at her house in Devon.

When I met her, she was as non-committal as a deaf mute. You couldn't really pin anything on her, even if you were Hercule Poirot.

by Thomas Wiseman

How did she come to make so much money? Miss Christie couldn't say.

We discussed homicide. Naturally, she had her favourite methods, but she was open-minded on the subject and prepared to try any blunt instrument once. She didn't like anything gruesome, though. Murder must not be in bad taste.

Is he guilty?

At the end of our encounter, I had not a single clue to the Christie Mystery. I scrupulously examined her footprints, but all they told me was the size of her shoes. Not how she managed to walk away with a million pounds.

Still puzzled, I went to Peter Saunders, the man who presents Miss Christie's plays. Could he be the guilty party?

It is certainly true that since he started putting on Miss Christie's plays they have had a greater success than ever before. It is he who has refused to sell "Witness for the Prosecution" for less than £100,000.

He told me that he had no solution to the Christie Mystery. He had once employed a famous agency to conduct an opinion poll among a cross-section of the people who went to see "The Mousetrap." It revealed absolutely nothing.

In the book

I eliminated Peter Saunders from my search. He might be an accessory after the fact, but he was certainly not the mastermind.

I went to see "Spider's Web" again. I had taken Shelley Winters to the first night over a year ago. I remember she kept whispering to me every few minutes: "What is it all about? I'm sorry, but I haven't the slightest idea."

I still hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about the second time I saw it. But the public was still going to it. Presumably some of them understood it.

She said no, she hadn't. Miss Christie was more inclined to talk about her husband's excavations than about the secret of her success.

So who is the guilty party? We follow the Christie line that it must be the least likely person. The narrator, or the corpse, or the corpse's deceased cousin.

In this instance the least likely person turns out to be me. And you.

If Miss Christie has managed to extract a million pounds for her tales of blood without thunder, it is because you and I have been prepared to let her take it.

Why have we been so eager to part with our money?

Because we are nervous souls.

No shots

When "Witness for the Prosecution" was showing in the West End a notice informed the public that there were no revolver shots in the play. There was no need for people to forsake the delight of a good murder just because they were liable to get palpitations when a blank cartridge was fired.

The Christie brand of murder without tears caters for the bloodthirstiness of people who would faint at the sight of blood. Being a Christie addict is rather like being a chain-smoker who doesn't inhale.

(Copyright)

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

Plants With Animal Instincts

IN the vegetable kingdom, there are as many oddities as in the world of animals.

One curious plant, a native of Germany, is known as the "gas plant." It gives off an inflammable vapour at the point where the leaves and flowers join the stalks. The whole plant emits an oily matter and if a match is held near the plant on a warm, dry day, this substance will readily ignite.

Another strange vegetable, with animal instincts, is the sundew, a little plant that grows in spongy bogs and heaths in England. As well as eating insects, it is also able to smell.

If a small piece of raw meat is suspended on a wire near the plant, the sundew soon becomes aware of its presence. The leaf, which has tentacles that grip an insect and close round it, slowly reaches out towards the meat until it can grasp the welcome tit-bit.

The action may take more than an hour, but the sundew must think it is time well spent.

NO EXIT

Among the insect-eaters is the bladderwort, which has no roots but floats below the surface of water. It feeds on minute crustaceans, which are caught in small bladders. The victims never escape; they enter by a trap-door which is an entrance only—never an exit.

Then there is a vicious North American killer-plant called the "Venus fly-trap." When an insect alights on it, the leaf closes with a sharp jerk, digests the creature and then opens wide to throw it out.

Among the milder of the vegetables are plants that are literally worth some of their weight in gold. It has been found that plants growing in gold-bearing soil often contain traces of metal in their tissues.

A Czechoslovakian scientist, who made a study of the subject before World War II, extracted 0.10 grammes of pure gold from one ton of horsetail ash—a larger proportion than would be found in a ton of sea water.

Rarest of all plants, perhaps, is the large alderswort which is found in one place only in the world, the Howland Islands. It gets its name from its rapier-like leaves that are densely coated with a lustrous white woolly substance.

TREMENDOUS FORCE

One of the truly amazing things about plant life is the tremendous force of its growth. A soft mushroom or toadstool has been known to lift a heavy paving-stone out of position.

There is even one small Alpine plant, the soldanella, which has the remarkable power of being able to bore a path for itself through snow and ice. And the method it uses is far more scientific than the laborious tunnelling of the underground animals.

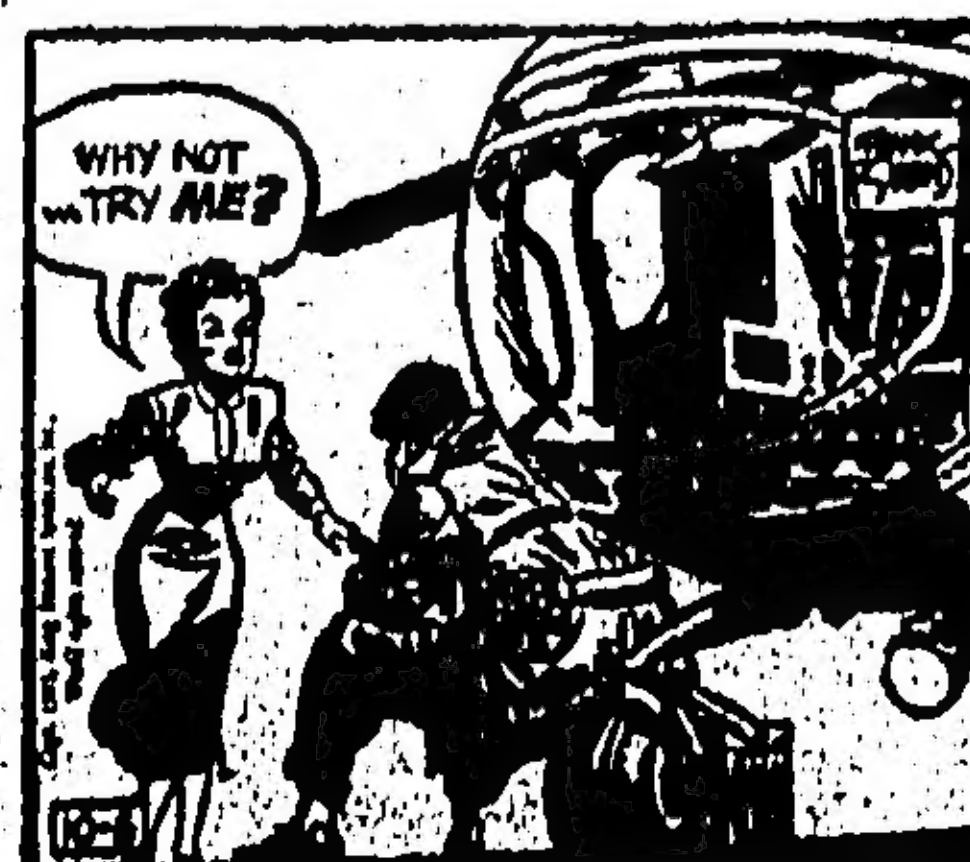
When winter approaches, the soldanella stores up nourishment in its leaves, which become quite thick. They are covered with snow and ice but, in spring, a flower stalk begins to grow, and with the heat it obtains from the leaves, the stalk manages to melt a path for itself, so that it rises and at last bursts through its icy covering.

The melting process takes the energy out of the leaves which become quite thin, their stored-up nourishment having been consumed.

Later, when the snows melt, insects fertilise the blossoms and the soldanella produces seeds to repeat its fascinating life cycle all over again.

(Copyright)

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a **San Miguel**

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

London's Leading Couturiers—The Top Twelve—Have Offered In Their Spring Collections A Choice Of Two Lines—

WAISTLINE AND STREAMLINE

By BETTY WILSON

PINK wools, in tones ranging from vivid peony, azalea and cyclamen to pale apple blossom, cast a rosy glow over the spring couture collections staged in London by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers.

JOHN CAVANAGH—the first of these couturiers to present the new spring line—has shown a clinging pale pink tweed dress to illustrate his willowy Stream Line. This was worn beneath an equally sensational coat of boldly-checked peony pink and black tweed. At the other end of the rosy pink colour palette, VICTOR STUBBS chose pale apple blossom pink to interpret a bulky and casual travel coat. Here, as in many other collections, pink was prominent.

The alternative spring colour is blue, which both the Queen's dressmakers NORMAN HARTNELL and HARDY AMIES favour. Hartnell's collection is punctuated with vivid turquoise. This he supplements with other jewel blues, such as sapphire, aquamarine (popular everywhere and, as in the Hardy Amies collection, interpreted in tweed) and zircon. For instance, Hartnell shows pale horizon blue tweed over matching ribbed wool jersey and introduces discreet broken check and mottled tweeds in a navy and white coat and suit team. Plenty of these discreet tweed tie-ups are to be seen.

MAXIMUM ELEGANCE

In the same collection, navy and white for sailing achieves the maximum elegance in a navy blue wool suit with straight, narrow skirt and waist-fitting jacket finished with a broad sailor collar; the latter rounds down at back and is slotted through with a broad white plique band.

Hardy Amies likes navy blue in tweeds, Scottish worsted burathea, and a Huddersfield tropical worsted. The latter makes a sleek suit preventing his new device of switching pockets from jacket to skirt so that they just show beneath the jacket blouse.

This designer uses much iron grey, too. For example, he dresses up an iron grey West of England worsted flannel for afternoon wear by trimming both dress and jacket with lines of faggoting.

Although the newest spring look is a more curving development of the unbelted body line, every designer shows an

alternative line with waistline clearly marked, although not necessarily belted. Throughout the waist is where Nature meant it—at the waist. Mr Hartnell declares, WORTH also shows a fashion manifesto which salutes a return to belts . . . more definition of waist and bust . . . fuller and softer skirts; in short, a feminine, wearable, customers' collection.

Skirts are slightly shorter. Hardy Amies pinpoints hems at fifteen inches from the ground. Digby Morton's suits are also levelled off at fifteen inches. Michael's skirt-lengths are shorter, too, and all three designers balance the shorter skirts by shorter jackets.

Throughout the collections, with that curious unanimity of ideas that is difficult to explain since every designer works behind locked doors in hush-hush secrecy, there are recurring details.

NEW DETAILS

Look out for pannelled effects—in topcoats, jacket backs, and skirt backs, which often have funnel panels swinging from the hips. Michael does these funnels in many exquisitely tailored fine wool suits, often cutting the funnel short two inches or so from the skirt hem.

Look out for new sleeve treatments. The pushed-up bracelet-length sleeve is still, instead we are shown three-quarter length, fitting sleeves and topcoat sleeves which, of similar length, are gathered into cuffs.

Note the new stand-away collars that give top bulk to stress a slinky, whittled away line. The careful skirt hem treatment that gives walking width and is unmistakably couture in its technique . . . the "evasive" jackets that tighten in to fit snugly, but easily, at the hips . . . and for brief boleros that suggest a higher waistline when worn over streamlined dresses.

Highlights that make news from the Top Twelve's collection (in alphabetical order) are: HARDY AMIES: One and a half inches are lopped off jacket backs and one inch off skirt hems. Belts, collars and sleeves are scaled down to vanishing point. Flannel, hopsack and serge are leading daytime fabrics. The chief colours are navy blue, iron grey, and rose pink.

EASED TOP

JOHN CAVANAGH: The new Cavanagh Stream Line is achieved by streamlined, curving seams which ease from shoulders to hips, then streak into a narrow skirt. Suits and dresses are shorter. Topcoat collars give bulk at the top. Wools introduce subtle new weaves. Tweeds are rosy pink or pale aquamarine.

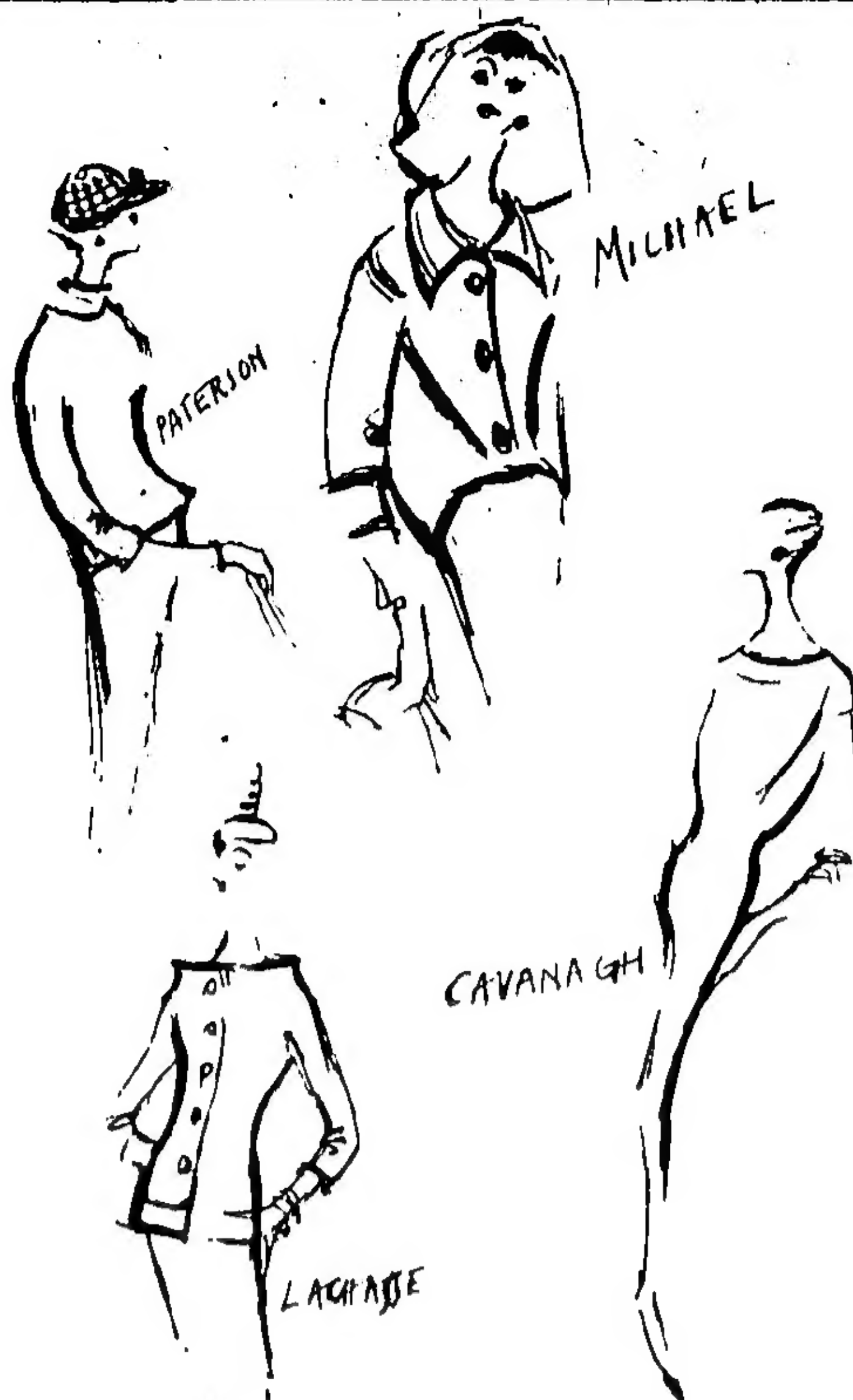
CHARLES CREED: A beautifully-tailored collection which emphasises the body line and introduces detail—such as fine leather piping—to give a streamlined look to tailored suits. Slanting pockets or half-belts give a lowered waistline effect at the back. Colours: white, geranium red, and yellow. Fabrics: wool reu, traditional wool "French tartan", Bedford cord, and fine brunettes.

NORMAN HARTNELL: Superimposing another curved line on clean, clear curves at the waist, Norman Hartnell introduces the Tummy Line in afternoon dresses with draped effects in front that fall into side fullness. Striking Hartnell models in white blazer-striped straight wool jacket, eased in at the hips, which is worn over a slender tan worsted dress and an elegant black wool crepe afternoon dress with a stiffened wraparound skirt lined with pleated taffeta. Again, to carry out the eyes-deceiving vertical line, black and white striped wool makes a topcoat worn over a black wool dress.

CLASSIC SUITS

LACHASSE: Classic suits show defined waistlines, shorter jackets and normal shoulder treatment while non-classes lower the waist and closely-fitting two-tiered jackets merge into narrow skirts. Prevailing colours at this house are pink, yellow, navy blue, beige, grey, green blue and white. Among some lovely wools Lachasse introduces tropical worsted, a cloth seen in other collections.

MATTHEW: Drawn-out curves in suit and dress treatment stress the femininity of these clothes. Fine box pleats away from beneath long jumper-type tops. A straight line goes facelift to coat, with low-placed twin pockets on either hip and three-quarter-length sleeves. In shown over the perfect dress.



TOP LEFT: Ronald Paterson's Crescent Line—streamlined but feminine and curving.

TOP RIGHT: Michael launches the Creole Line. This gives top width (emphasised by a set-away neck treatment) curving down to fit snugly over the hips and meet a slender skirt.

BOTTOM LEFT: Lachasse's willowy silhouette sometimes shows a set-away collar, curves into the waistline and blends fitting jacket (often two-tiered) with narrow skirt.

BOTTOM RIGHT: After two seasons in which he started first The Slink then The Swoop, John Cavanagh proceeds on to the Strak Line. This sums up the easy, relaxed look with curving seams which progress easily from shoulders to hips—bypassing bust and waist—to narrow hemline.

achieve the longer body-line. In an unbelted curving line, down to the hem from bulky width set at shoulder blade level. Rose pink is the salient colour and blue, or blue and black, are introduced in fine wools and in straky suit-weight or dress-weight tweeds.

CREOLE LINE

MICHAEL: This designer divides a collection of beautiful suits into two categories: classic (in worsted tweed) and cut with closely-fitted waist and slightly accentuated hips and box jacket suits which launch Michael's new Creole Line. Here open, stand-away collar treatment gives curving top width, three-quarter sleeves are set into a low shoulder line, and figure-clinging jacket fronts and jacket backs curve level down. Michael says he was inspired by the languid elegance of the Creole women when he designed these suits.

Pumpkin yellow and tropical fruit colours such as melon, lime and tangerine are splashed among much white and off-white, as well as desert and tones, shown in impeccable tropical-weight worsteds.

DIGBY MORTON: His daytime look sums up that casual elegance which women have been trying to achieve over the last few seasons. Topcoats are inspired by the easy-fitting "dgalabab" which he saw men wearing in Morocco. An alternative Morton has another equally casual line; here there is easy bulk and built-in stole meant to knot casually.

Dresses are straight tubes, with the suggestion of a high waist, or, for more formal occasions, introduce draped fullness. Colours include strawberry, lichen and honey-beige and there is an outstanding dress with a pleated skirt made of Paisley-printed wool.

GLORIFIED STOLE

RONALD PATERSON: The Crescent Line introduces a series of drawn-out curves, with waistlines which are sometimes dropped at the back but are usually overlooked altogether. Revers are whittled down to almost nothing and suit jackets lift in front and round down behind in a marked curve.

The stole—still a favourite—is glorified here in brilliantly-checked wool fringed with purple, which is worn with a purple tweed suit with curving jacket. There's a tweed jockey cap to match this striking outfit.

MICHAEL SHEKARD: Debuting Michael Shekard calls his spring collection "The Waist-line," which is clearly marked in every model. Half-belts are often introduced and when belts are not added they are at least indicated by inset bands.

Blue is the dominant colour and charbons from equatorial to sapphires. Fine tweeds, for example, mix blue with a streak of amber; navy blue wool is used for a town suit aimed with taffeta; and navy blue and white Jacquard tweed makes a jacket dress team with floating panel back.

VICTOR STUBBS: This designer divides his collection into two distinct sub-collections: "The Slink" and "The Swoop".

Famous Hostess Gives Party Tips

Washington. WASHINGTON'S most beautiful hostess and one of its most successful gives this tip for party givers.

Be relaxed. Baroness Silvercray, wife of the Belgian Ambassador to the United States, says that whether the party is at an embassy or a home, the "distracted hostess" is the worst thing that can happen to it.

A hostess who is always watching the door or seems to be on edge can make her party perfectly grim for her guests, said the attractive baroness.

And, if a hostess interrupts two guests in the middle of a sentence saying, "now, you two have talked together long enough," then "it is perfectly dreadful," she added.

Baroness Silvercray advises, plan your party well and then relax.

"Don't make your guests play musical chairs—let them alone to have a good time," she said. For official embassy entertaining, she invites her guests about three weeks ahead of time. But two weeks are adequate for most parties, she said.

Baroness Silvercray, who was the widow of the late Sen. Brian McMahon of Connecticut before her marriage to the ambassador, believes in "mixing up" the guest list to some extent—"that's what makes an interesting party."

She said that if the party is large enough—24 or more guests—you can get by with inviting two who may be feuding. They may "find a common ground," she said.

But if it's a small affair, best drop the idea lest "they're at each other's throats and spoiling everyone's time."

Some other tips: Don't try out new dishes on your guests—you just add to "hostess tension";

Don't rearrange furniture into fixed social areas—"someone can always move a chair for himself."

Do wear a long gown "if there is room." But if the party will be crowded, "wear a short dress; it won't be in the way." Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, the capital's unofficial social arbiter, offered some advice for party meals.

If you're serving buffet style, have plenty of places for guests to "light" with their plates, glasses and coffee cups. "And do provide enough ash trays at a party," she said.—United Press.

BLUE KITCHEN HELPS TO LIGHTEN CHORES

New York.

IF you want to breeze through kitchen chores, paint the kitchen all blue or all green.

Faber Birren, colour expert, says that the cool retiring colours such as blue and green keep attention concentrated on the job at hand, making the time fly. If on the other hand you enjoy literally living in the kitchen, then an all-yellow or all-rose kitchen will drag out the time, making you linger longer over the chores.

Birren said today's kitchen provides more work stimulus than grandma's did. There's more bright colour in everything.—United Press.



A broad-rimmed afternoon hat of natural straw with black velvet crown and braid.—Agence France-Presse.

EILEEN ASCROFT reports from Florence

THE CHILDREN STEAL THE LIMELIGHT

Florence. THERE is a homely, nursery touch about the Italian collection. So different from London where the Big Twelve have only produced one child between them . . . six-year-old Candice, Ronald Paterson's daughter.

"Candy" is well known to fashion buyers. She attends each opening collection in a Paterson-designed dress, and has a gown in every collection named after her.

In Rome, where nine of the top designers are women (and in London we haven't a single one), husband and babies lend an entertaining domestic note to elegant fashion openings.

BABY BARDE

Simone's baby son, two-year-old Barde, in blue velvet pants, white lawn and lace blouse, carried the bride's train. Mama had promised him a toy if he completed his mission successfully and had it waiting for him after the show.

She also found time to clip his curls with her nail scissors just before he appeared, which accounted for his rather ragged, chrysanthemum cut. Fabiani, married to Simone's two daughters by his first marriage, Twelve-year-old Titti applauded his first collection. She wore a red velvet, full-skirted dress and ballet shoes and a petticoat edged with smiling bells.

Only blonde among the children is 2½-year-old Cala, Battolochi's enchanting niece. She viewed auntie's collection with a solemn and critical eye, wearing a man's velvet dress in white wool, smocked with pink and blue with a lace-edged embroidered collar and old-fashioned, white, knee-high socks and shoes.

I called on Gattinoni the evening before his collection and found her dividing her time between last-minute fittings and prompting her spall son's homework.

FLATTERING

Pretty mascot at Giovenetti's show was her eight-year-old niece in more formal dress—grey, pleated, flannel skirt and high socks, white blouse and yellow knitted sweater.

Apart from the domestic amusement and charm of the nursery editions, I loved to see so many family women designing Italian clothes. A man may make clever, chic and inspired. But he rarely manages to flatter a woman's figure.

I think it takes a woman to design clothes that really do something for us. Too many of the men just concentrate on making like a shirt and showing up our figure imperfections. I wish we had a woman designer among London's Big Twelve. She would collect my meagre dress allowance for a start.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Burns from all over the world assembled for the opening of Monty's fashion week. (Special permission)

from any country is the German with 64 buyers. From Hollywood's came Gloria Swanson (who has her own dress business) in sun glasses and sables.

We crowded into the huge white and gold ballroom of the Pitti Palace, where the shows are held, to see the works of Italy's youngest designers.

I found 21-year-old Umba of Rome the most interesting. He works with hand-woven and embroidered fabrics from the island of Sardinia. Very young-looking dresses are cut pinafore or peasant style, trimmed with embroidered bands.

ROMANTIC

Most attractive collection I have seen in Italy to date is by Fontana. Lovely feminine clothes with fabulous fabrics and Arabian Nights embroidery. No wonder film stars like Ava Gardner, Irene Dunne and Linda Christian like to dress with this house.

The line was called Romantic. Rome, slim and closely fitted with no belt and charming back fullness to the skirt. Best colour . . . liquid amber, a glorious shade for blondes. Best fabric . . . cotton lame, wonderful silky looking cotton, woven with lame flowers like a rich brocade. This is definitely not a collection for the working girl. In fact, the majority of Fontana's dresses are designed for the Golden Girl who does not rise before lunch.

Lesson: Screen style. (Special permission)

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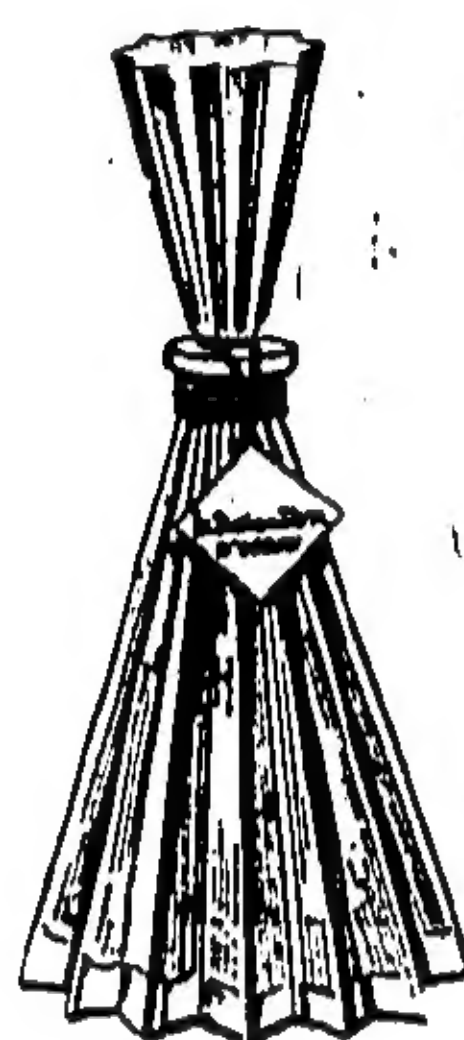
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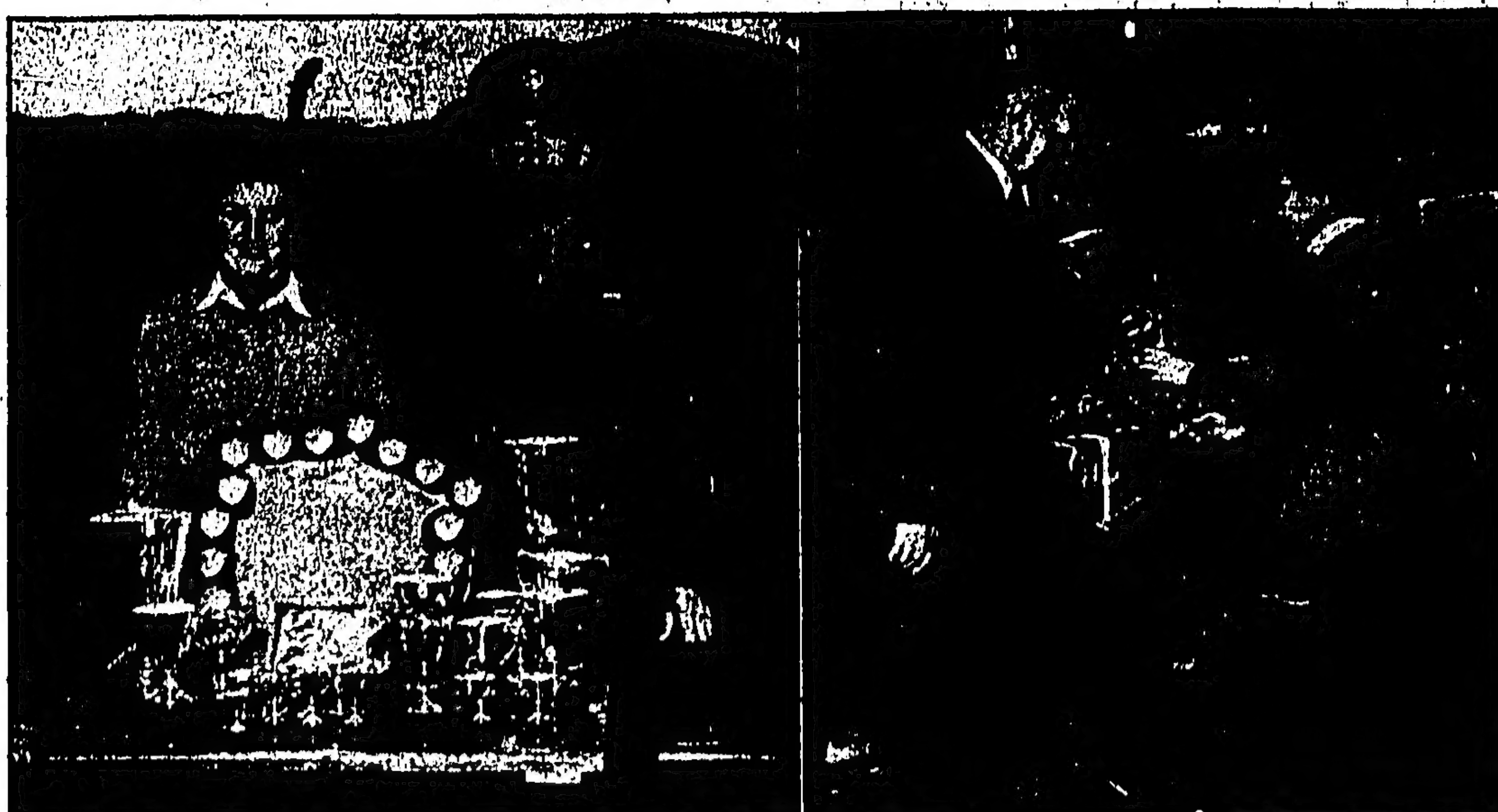
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CAPTAIN H. J. Orpen-Smellie, of the 1st Battalion, Essex Regiment, retained the title of Hongkong's champion marksman when he again won the Governor's Shield in the finals of the Hongkong Bisley last Sunday. In upper left he is seen with Mrs. Orpen-Smellie and their trophies. Above: Miss Mabel Wong, who won top score for women. Left: "A" team from the 1st Battalion, Northamptonshire Regiment, who won the South China Morning Post Bowl. (Staff Photographer)



MR John Fenton's XI and the Diocesan Boys' School team who met in a friendly cricket match at the School last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



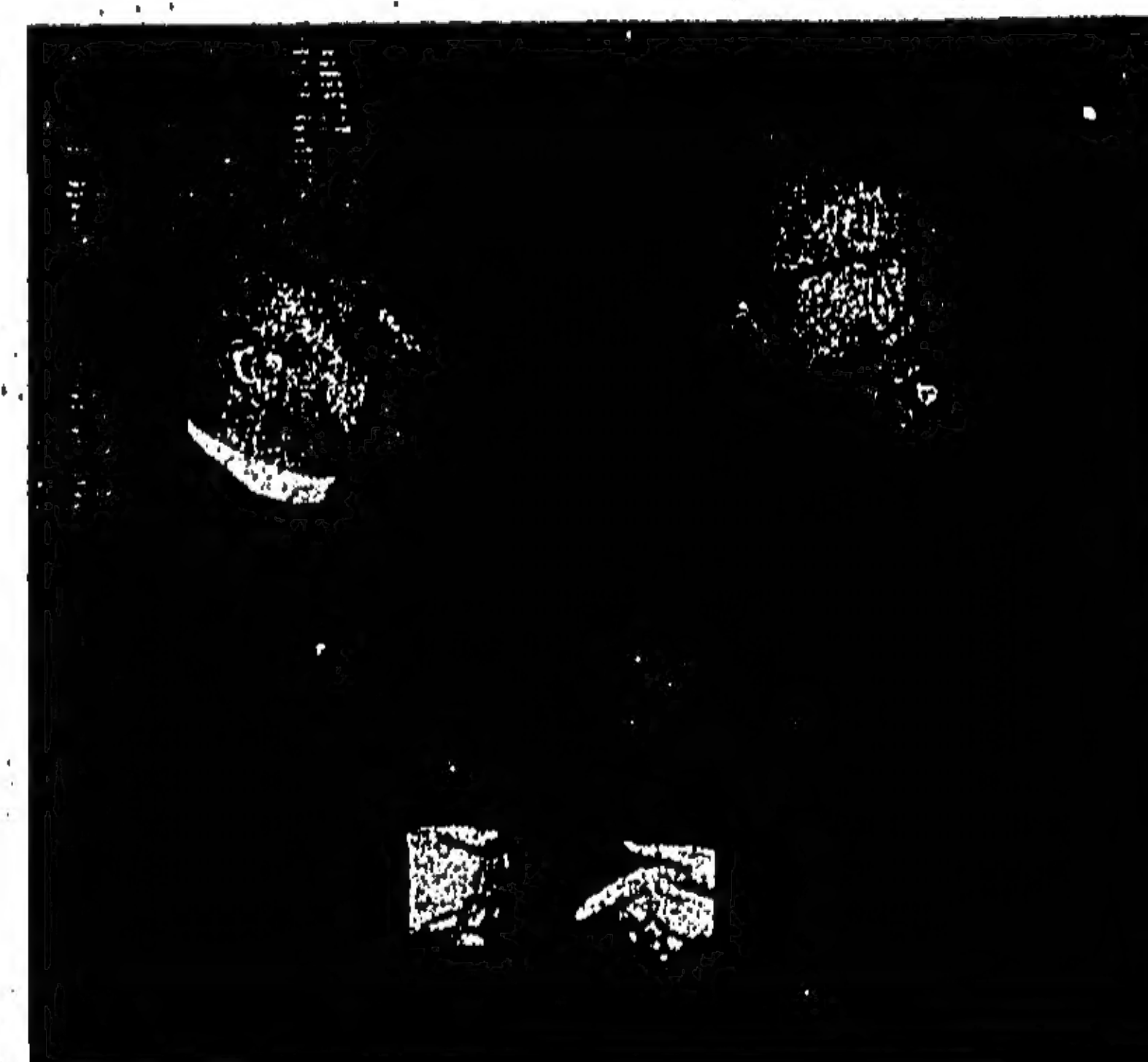
WEDDING at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, of Captain John Marshall Wright and Miss Marian Wilson Craig. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Bishop Hanns Lilje (left), President of the Lutheran World Federation, speaking to Col. F. E. Jewkes, head of the Salvation Army in Hongkong, at a tea party held at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday. Bishop Lilje left for Japan after staying here two days. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Two pictures taken at the St John Ambulance Ball at the Peninsula Hotel. Top: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, snapped with Mr Fung Ping-fan, St John Ambulance Brigade Commissioner, and Dr Arthur Woo. Bottom: Lady Grantham shaking hands with Mr H. F. Shields, with the Hon. M. W. Turner on her right. (Staff Photographer)



LT-COL J. J. Sullivan (left), who won the Colony squash title last week, with the runner-up, Lt-Comdr F. Simm. Picture taken after their match at Victoria Barracks courts. (Staff Photographer)



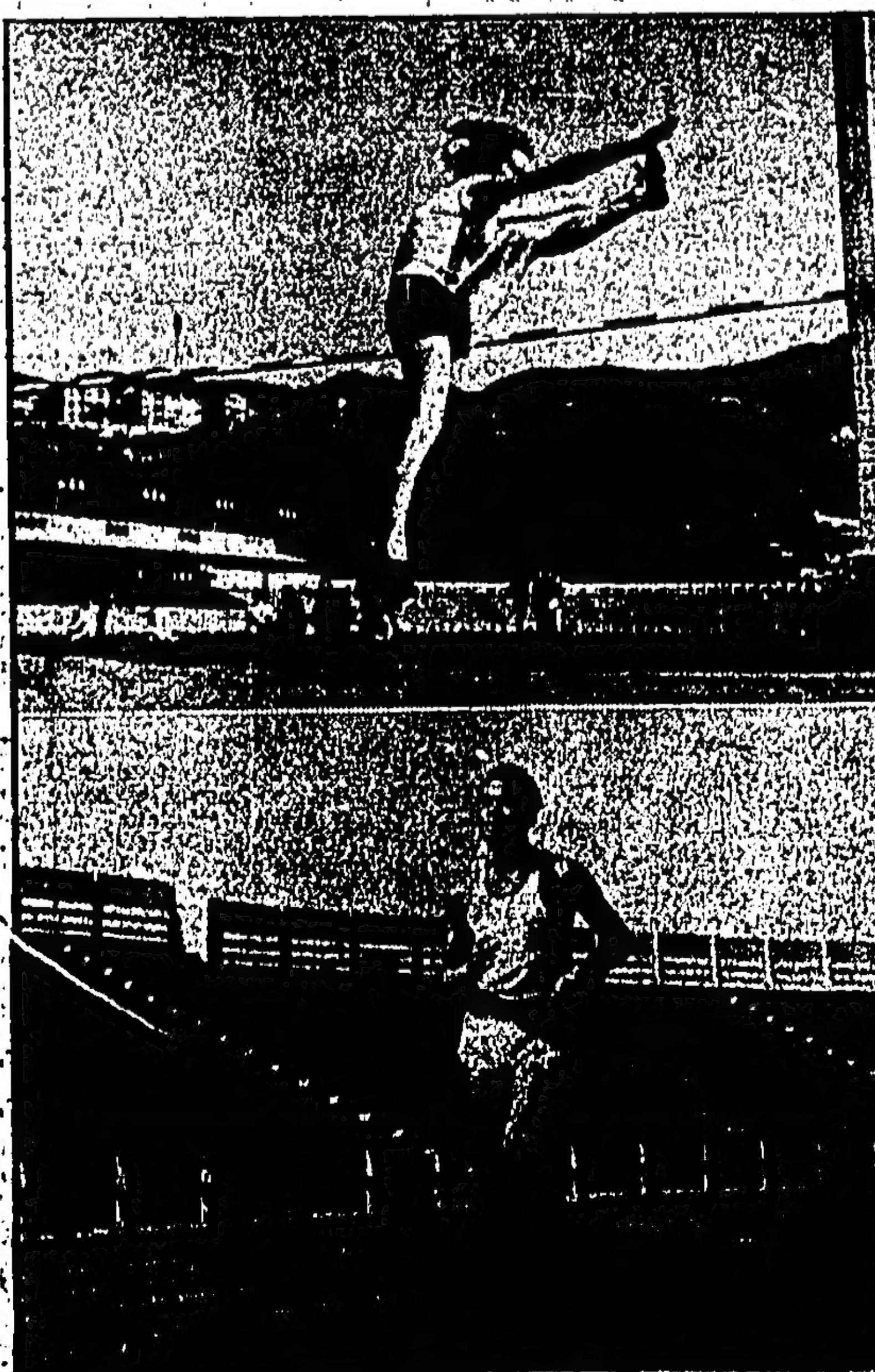
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CRAFTSMAN W. A. "Jack" Dinning (right) won the Hongkong amateur middleweight boxing title last week when he defeated L/Bdr Dickenson at Southern Playground Stadium. L/Bdr Dickenson is on the left. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Two of the many keen contestants at last Sunday's novices athletic championships organised by the Hongkong Amateur Athletic Association. Upper picture is of Julie Tingay, who won the women's high jump. The other shows Tang Chiu, who came first in the men's one-mile walking race. (Staff Photographer)

PHILCO

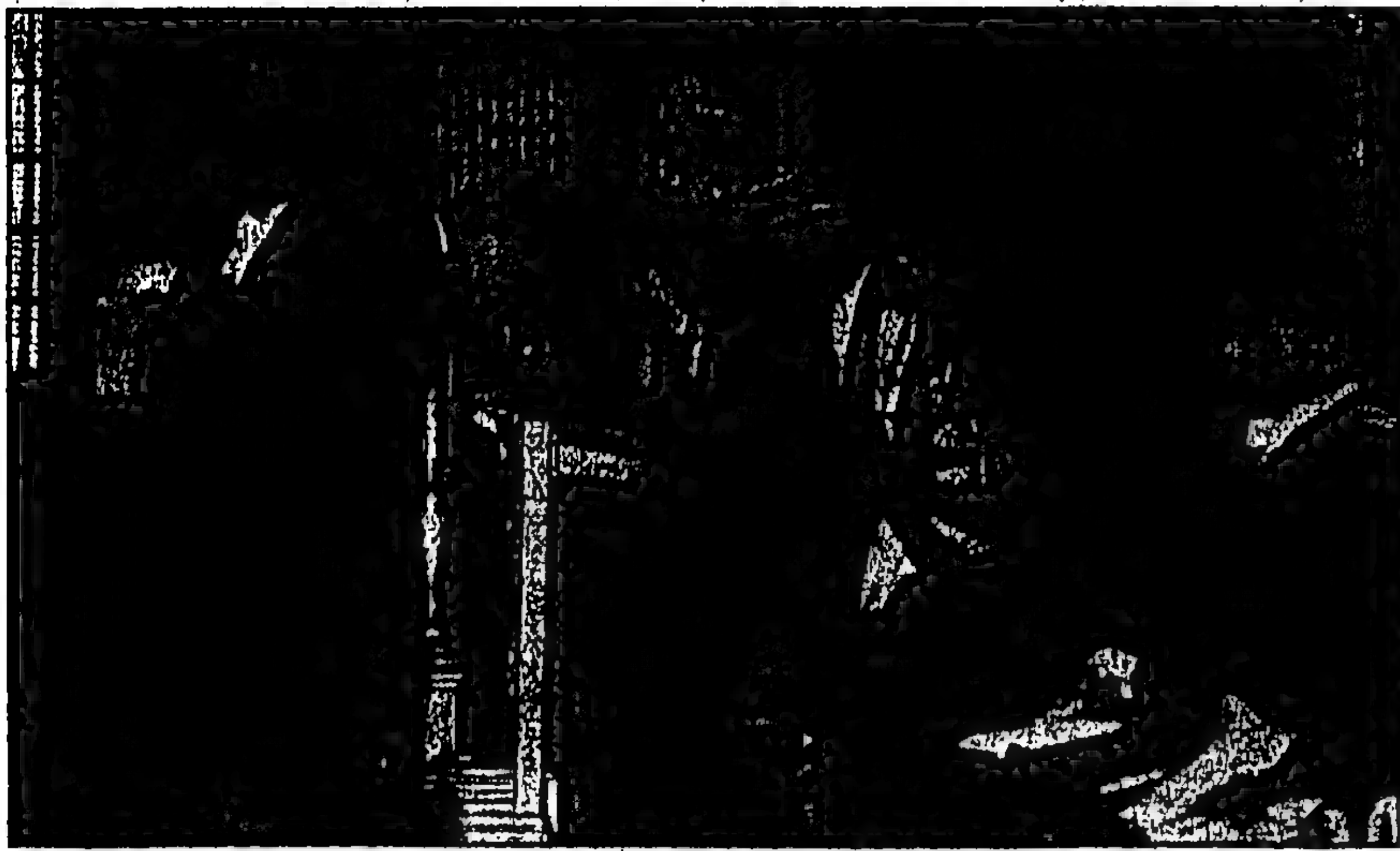
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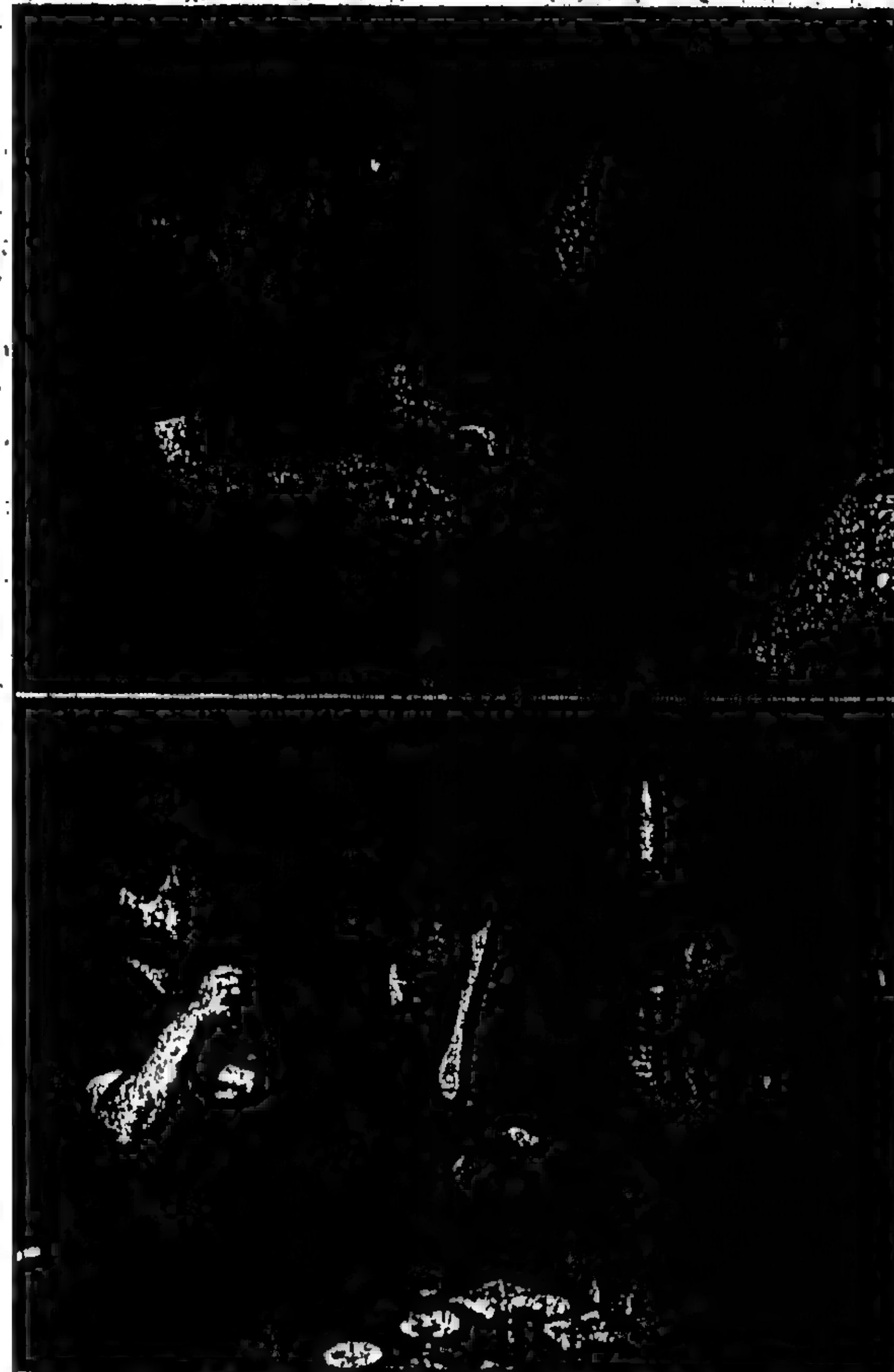
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CONFERRING of degrees by the Chancellor at the 48th Congregation of the University of Hongkong. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, capping Mr Ronald A. Perry, who received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery. (Staff Photographer)



DINNER party in honour of Mr Douglas Wilkinson, director of John Halc and Co., Ltd., whisky distillers. Mr Wilkinson is on extreme right of back row, next to the host, Mrs Jasmine Chan.



MR and Mrs John Keswick were seen off by a large group of friends when they sailed in the President Wilson on Wednesday. Mrs Keswick is seen with Mr Fred Elias in upper photo; in bottom picture Mr Keswick drinks with Miss D. Cuthbertson and Miss Juliet How. (Staff Photographer)



AT the India Independence Day cocktail party held at the Repulse Bay Hotel, Mr B. P. Adarkar, Commissioner for India, greets the Hon. Sir Shousan Chow, Hongkong's "Grand Old Man." (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr Andy Ostroumoff leading cheers for Miss Linda Ng after she had presented him with the Ladies' Purse at the annual race meeting at Happy Valley. Mr Ostroumoff won on Gabriel Junks. Lower picture is of Cheerful being led in after winning the Sports Club Cup, with Mr Peter Plumbly in the saddle. (Staff Photographer)



HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor and Lady Grantham arriving at the Hongkong Club for the Australia Day reception. With them are Mr H. C. Menzies, Australian Government Trade Commissioner, and Mrs Menzies. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Hong Kong Chinese All-Stars and St Joseph's, last year's softball champions, who met in a friendly tilt last Sunday. The Chinese won. (Staff Photographer)



TWO scenes of the "Holiday On Ice" revue, captured on the opening night, are reproduced below. Spectacular skating and dancing are enhanced by clever lighting effects and handsome costuming. The show is at the Hongkong Football Club Stadium. (Staff Photographer)



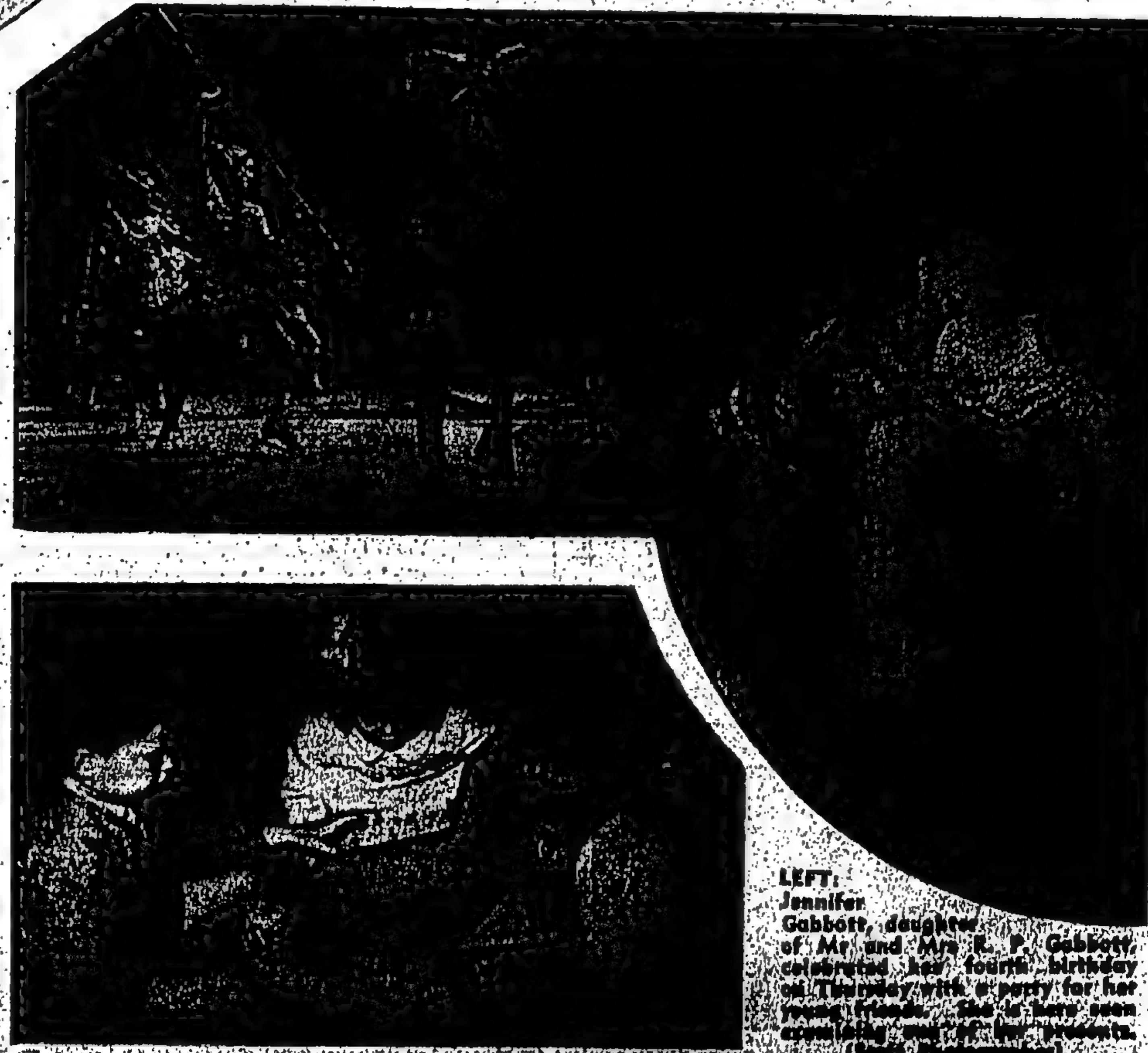
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LEFT: Jennifer Gabbott, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. P. Gabbott, celebrated her fourth birthday on Tuesday with a party for her young friends. She is here seen examining one of her presents. (Staff Photographer)

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AUSTRIAN CHILDREN'S VILLAGE



ABOUT 150 orphans are living in their own village of gay-painted Tyrolean chalets in Imst, Austria—and they owe it all to the idea of one man.

He is Hermann Gmeiner, a 35-year-old Austrian who fought in Russia as an officer in the German Army. When he came home he was horrified by the plight of the children made parentless by war. He decided to start a home for them, a home with a difference.

Every child should have a mother and brothers and sisters, he decided. They should have a colony of little houses of their own.

Now, in the children's village above Imst there are 15 chalets. In each chalet is a foster mother and nine children. The foster mothers are paid £7 a month and received £3 a month housekeeping money for each member of their "family." The children are of all ages, so they have the impression of growing up in a real family.

The foster mothers feed the children their own way. The children regard the chalets as home.

Austria is swept with enthusiasm for Herr Gmeiner's scheme. It is calculated now that one family in three contributes 3d. every month to the upkeep of the children. Already there are three Gmeiner villages in Austria and a fourth is being built.

Queen Frederika of Greece has asked Herr Gmeiner to help her to start such a village in her country. France and Yugoslavia, too, are to have their own children's villages, and Herr Gmeiner has been approached to see if he will help form one in Britain.

Says Herr Gmeiner, who had to borrow £700 from his father to start the scheme: "Such a scheme is possible in every country if people only cared a little. Who could send to a prison of an orphanage when they could have a life like this?"

Picture shows: Herr Gmeiner with some of the youngsters of Imst.

THESE NEWSPAPERS INJURE BRITAIN

London. It is impossible for those of us who live in Great Britain to travel abroad without an increased affection for our homeland. And although I am a Canadian by birth my homeland is here on this sceptred Isle of England.

Perhaps because our affection deepens with foreign travel, it is also true that we acquire a sharpened sensitiveness about our country's position in the world.

I am writing these words a few hours after returning from a semi-sentimental journey to Toronto, Montreal and New York, plus a sunshine siesta in Jamaica and Nassau. Already the scenes of deep winter in snowbound Canada and the sharp glitter of New York are beginning to fade like a film that has come to an end.

SWEET MUSIC

But I can still recall the pride with which I went on board a turbojet-propelled four-engined British Viscount to make a night flight to New York. Unhappily Britain paid the price of the pioneer in the development of the jet plane. She led the world with a start that would have been almost impossible for the

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

others to overtake, but disaster took its toll and the lead was lost.

But now the new British Viscount is recovering lost ground. I heard its praises everywhere, and its strange, eerie, bosun-like whistle was sweet music to my ears.

New York looked like a gleaming jewelled Babylon as we circled over her. Nor was this feeling dispelled on the taxi drive from the aerodrome when we saw two mangled motor cars by the roadside.

"That sure was a swell smash," said the taxi-driver. "One guy was killed, and the police are still looking for the other body. Yes sir! It was a swell smash."

Twenty minutes later we swerved into 75th Street and were welcomed most warmly by an old friend who had asked me to stay with him. Yet we had hardly slipped the wine of Scotland—in other words a whisky and soda—when our host asked: "Is Sir Anthony Eden finished?"

In one form or another I had previously been asked the same question a score of times in Canada. It had taken precedence over the sixty-four thousand dollar question on television. To put it bluntly, the British Premier was having a bad press in North America.

Admittedly, that need be of no direct concern to the Eden Administration, but it is of considerable importance to the British nation. It is important to record that there was almost no editorial comment either in the Canadian or American newspapers upon the British Press attacks on the Prime Minister. And when one or two British newspapers rallied to the defence of Eden, the Press in America gave it a good display.

But to realise the damage that has been done, let me point to the display with which the important New York World-Telegram dealt with the news. Not only did it give its own news treatment, but it reproduced in photographic form the display headlines of some of the London newspapers.

The Daily Mirror was given pride of place with its huge "Eden is a Flop." The Daily Sketch was close second with the spread-eagled headings "Eden Refuses to Call MPs," "Gait-skell Angry," "The Row Grows."

Other headlines superimposed on the photographic block varied from "ditherer" to "timidity." The New York World-Telegram then reminded its readers that Sir Anthony would shortly

civilisation. As first British Minister for League of Nations affairs he captured the imagination of the world in an era of the scorched spirit.

As Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he laboured to the point of collapse. His whole life, from his service in the trenches to his struggle for peace in the years that followed, has created a memorial in his lifetime that not even the tabloids can destroy.

Inevitably he came under criticism when he formed his Government, and the criticism was renewed when he made his ministerial reshuffle. Of course there were too many Etonians in his first Ministry, and probably there are still too many. As a minister who rebelled against his leader, Neville Chamberlain, he should have given office to some of the Conservative rebels of today.

But my purpose in this article is neither to praise nor bury the Prime Minister. I simply want to put on record that the nature and presentation of the newspaper attacks on Sir Anthony Eden have done deep injury to Britain herself.

I travelled many thousands of miles by air, sea and rail on this winter's visit to the New World, and I was immensely impressed by the vigour and optimism, not only of the Americans but the Canadians. No wonder the people of the USA are saying that the world is moving into the American Age. And equally it is no wonder that Canadians change that pronouncement by altering the wording to "The North American Age."

BRAVE HEART

It is true that air travel has annihilated distance yet in my wanderings in Canada and the States over the years I never felt Britain to be so distant as this time. It was as if the United Kingdom was enshrouded by an impenetrable fog.

After all, what was the news that came to North America and the outside world from Britain during the last year? Strikes, more strikes, and still more strikes. It is a small wonder that our kinsmen, our friends, our critics and our enemies felt that the great days of Great Britain were over. But they should remember that the British have a genius for appearing at their worst at inconvenient moments. Perhaps it is the lack of sunshine that causes these symptoms to appear usually in the winter.

We miss the mighty voice of Churchill, who not only commanded the glory of the English language but added lustre to it. Yet Eden brings to his task a brave heart, a good mind and a deep knowledge of the world as it is today.

I would fight to the death in demanding the right of the Press to say what it thinks. But equally I would fight for the right of the people to attack the Press when it injures the reputation and standing of Great Britain in the eyes of the outside world.

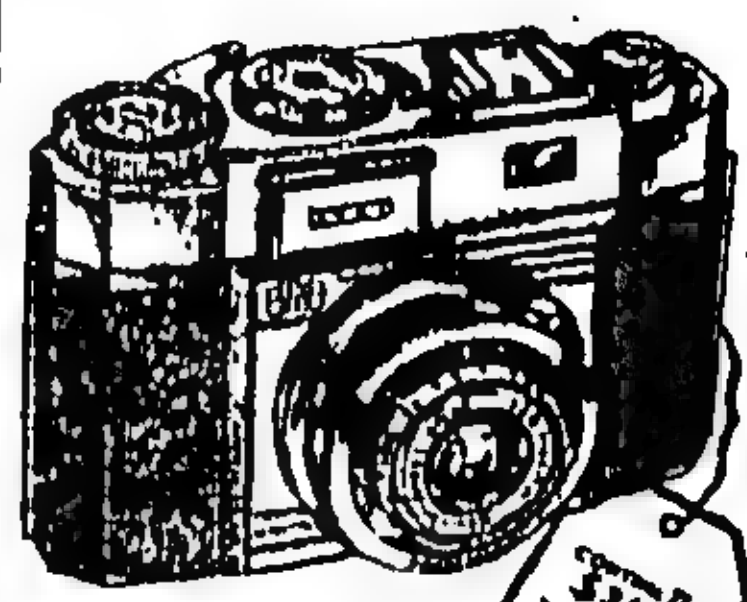
That is what the attacks on Eden have done. The newspapers of Britain have spread despondency to our friends and encouragement to our enemies.

But Eden and Britain will survive. I predict that Eden will come back refreshed in heart and mind, and that his critics will turn to other targets.

If the wish is father to the thought, I am not ashamed.

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DON'T WASTE WATER

THE SUPER-MARKET LIES BEHIND THE POUJADE STORY

By STEPHEN COULTER

Paris. M. JEAN DAMASIO, until lately a wholesale greengrocer in the Puy de Dome, is in many ways a typical Frenchman. He is an active citizen, young and vigorous, and in the eyes of many of his countrymen, he represents a common-sense way of thinking and a sound forthrightness.

M. Damasio admits without hesitation that he has tax demands of £1,000. He has, he says quite as readily, not the slightest intention of paying them. It might be thought that such an attitude would land M. Damasio before the courts. On the contrary, he has just been elected to the National Assembly as deputy for a Paris district. He is one of the "new force" of 52 deputies who are followers of Pierre Poujade, the anti-tax Napoleon, all of whom owe their elevation to the status of representatives of the French nation to similar attitudes.

Mass Dream

Just over two and a half million people voted the Poujade ticket. Shrewd officials in France believe that, if there were fresh elections today, those two and a half million might well snowball into four million or more. So that Poujadism, the brand of "common-sense" which M. Damasio symbolises, deserves a closer look.

It is a hard thing to say, but it does seem that what is often termed the Poujadist "revolt" is really the Frenchman's thorough-going application of the rule, he uses when he drives a car. The rule is—No first. In other words: "Let me do what I like—and to the devil with the highway code and the rest of the traffic," tain fixed monthly sum or

The great recruiting centres of the Poujadists are the millions of small

shops and workshops all over France. Most of them are "family" business, run by married couples with possibly their children and an odd employee or two to lend a hand.

In the last century, France has become far more "a nation of shopkeepers" than Britain is. To run a shop has become the great fall-back, if not the dream, of a huge mass of people all longing for personal "independence." Scarcely a tiny hamlet is without its duplication of butchers, bakers, cafes, etc., all struggling to make ends meet, existing miserably because the butcher's staple customers are the baker, the greengrocer, the cafe keeper and the baker's greengrocer and so on.

Sleeping Partners

In the towns, the proliferation of these small shops is even worse. In one average street you see two dairies, three cafes, a sweet-shop and a baker's (also selling sweets), two chemists, a restaurant with a drinks counter. And the point is that all these small traders not only expect to get a living. They regard it as their inalienable right to get a living, and a pretty comfortable one at that.

Ten of thousands of shopkeepers go even further. They are not running the shop as owners, but as managing tenants. They have assumed the physical handling of the business on agreement with the real owner that he shall be merely a sleeping partner whom they will pay a certain percentage of the shop's income. In other words, these traders must make the shop pay not only their living, but the owner's living as well. In these circumstances, the main con-

cern of all these small town and country shopkeepers is to keep profits up—which means keeping prices up.

On the least pretext, butter is 3d. more, cooking oil 2d. more and so on. The Government does fix maximum price-scales but, in practice, the traders fix their own profits. So much so that you can buy, say, the same packet of a well-known brand detergent at three different prices in the radius of a twenty-minute walk.

Naturally, it would not do for cheaper-priced foreign goods to spoil the market. In fact, the French Government takes care that such high duties and taxes are put on all foreign goods that the shopkeepers have no worry on this score. But it is a disaster to the small traders when some of their own countrymen, looking round and applying modern technique, start to undercut them by things like self-service stores with few overheads, multiple department shops where prices are low because buying is in bulk, quick snack counters, big-scale haulage firms, shops with efficient central book-keeping and marketing staffs.

No Room

If Poujadism has not arisen before now it is because such modern techniques have taken a long time to catch on in France. But now they are in vogue and the "revolt" of millions of small French traders is the result. Poujadism storms because he couldn't make a living out of his book-sellers shop in a poor region. The answer is that taxes did not kill it. There was no room for the shop anyway.

The other day my wife was reproached by our former dairyman for having

given her custom to a multi-counter self-service store where prices are up to 50 percent cheaper. The dairyman used the small-trader's usual rallying cry—supplied by Poujade—that such self-service stores "sell poor quality goods and don't pay the crippling taxes we do," which is absurd. For, in effect, what Poujade and his small trader legions are "revolting" about is their right to go on charging uneconomic, uncompetitive prices because they either can't or won't cut them. By refusing to pay taxes they can stay in business—so they refuse to pay taxes.

Fighting Change

But there are deeper things in the Poujadist frame of mind. It is not only that of small shopkeepers and artisans. It is the frame of mind of countless other Frenchmen—vine growers, agriculturalists, self-employed road haulers, wholesalers, middle-men, manufacturers, all of whom, sheltered by the high tariff walls, fight change with tooth and nail. The relentless economic and political pressures of modern life that have forced vast social changes all over the world, mean nothing to them. Frenchmen want pathetically (and who is to blame them?) to go on living as before—not merely the small shopkeepers, artisans, one-man businesses, "family" workshops, but many, many others.

The willingness to accept the changes that must be made if France is not to sink to the status of another Portugal in world affairs is probably the willingness of a minority. That is why, if it isn't the Poujadists who are raising Cain, or vine growers who are barricading the public highways, it will be somebody else shouting "Me arse!" Until a really big man comes along and leads the country.

Do Gaulle thought he was the man—and failed so bitterly that he doesn't now think it worth while fighting the citizen's supreme duty, the duty to vote. But the French have always produced their greatest leaders out of dire trouble. No doubt they will again.

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"—and when you've quite finished singing songs of Arabi it might interest you to learn that this is the Israeli Legion!"

OUT OF SANDHURST COMES A KIPLING

WHAT wonderful tales come out of the East. Do you remember "Kim," "Soldiers Three," "The Painted Veil," "On a Chinese Screen," "Bengal Lancer," Kipling, Somerset Maugham, F. Yeats-Brown?

Now we have BUGLES AND A TIGER (Michael Joseph, 16s.), by John Masters, the "Bhowani Junction" man. And I am not sure that his book isn't the best of the lot.

For one thing it is all true. Here are the ringing facts of the life of "Jackie" Masters from Wellington College, 10 years old in 1933, when he

passed fifth into Sandhurst, to 1939, when he became adjutant. When his father dropped him off at the Sandhurst gates he was slightly ashamed of his father's appearance. His father was an ex-colonel of the Indian Army, with a D.S.O., "Bhowani Junction" man. And with nothing to show for his service but a few fading photographs, working as an agricultural labourer.

When his son filled up the forms for his Sandhurst entry his father stated baldly that he was a "swineherd." When he dropped his son off at the gates he was wearing a pearl-grey homburg and an overcoat made out of a travelling rug. He looked, says his son, like a Central European refugee.

By 1939 he had begun to date the quality of sacrifice that gave his son his great career.

"Bhowani Junction" saw to that. But before he achieved manhood Jackie went through a lot.

He joined the Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles. He learned the Gurkha code "I will keep faith." He saw a man cutting scrub with his kukri (very sharp, broad-bladed knife) slice his thumb half off, bite off the remains, and put it in his pocket.

In the evening, having finished his work, the man went to the doctor and said, with a happy laugh: "Can you put this back for me, sir?"

Gurkhus are tough. Masters also tells the story of a call for volunteers to jump from balloons at 1,000ft.

To everyone's surprise only 70 gum Gurkhus stepped forward. So it was explained that para-

chutes were very efficient. Only very occasionally never opened. Seventy Gurkhus looked happier, were joined by a few hundred more.

"Oh," said their N.C.O., "we jump with these parachutes do we? That's different."

And then there are the wonderful descriptions of Himalayan scenery, of the lotus life on leave in Kashmir, of red-hot, dusty days on the



Book Of The Month

BUGLES AND A TIGER,
by JOHN MASTERS

(Michael Joseph, 16s.)

by ... NANCY SPAIN

plains, of icy nights in the hills of the North-West Frontier 8,000ft. above sea level.

Of fighting, of comradeship, of occasional resentment against authority, but never of despair.

Nightcap

THIS is a happy book. It is a wonderful story of a young man's growth towards maturity, through all the hazards that the Indian Army can give. And it is well written.

It is so well written that I have kept this copy by my bed for a week, reading a little every night so that I could enjoy it before falling asleep. A most satisfying nightcap, "Bugles and a Tiger."

Gurkha code

FOR Jackie did well at Sandhurst. He won the Norman Medal (top cadet in the Indian Army), and he won first prizes for military history, economics, German, and map reading.

Today little Jackie is Colonel Masters of the Indian Army, retired, like his father before him. He is not broke.

AND NOW—THE GHOST GAME

I BELIEVE in ghosts. I have met and spoken to at least two.

Some people are very intolerant about this. They not only don't see them, but won't believe in them.

Pity. For this is the time for ghosts. And there are three ghost books out this week.

First, the true ghost stories. Seventy-year-old Sir Shane (pronounce it Shawin, please, to rhyme with Colleen Bawn) Leslie has spent years patiently compiling his GHOST BOOK (Holt & Carter, 12s. 6d.).

Haunting spirits are apparently of three kinds: 1 Diabolical, 2 Souls in Damnation, 3 Souls in Purgatory. Ghosts can be mild, truculent, or

jealous. "Manifestations," says Sir Shane, "may be genuine, but not the manifestation."

And Sir Shane also explains the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards ghosts. The Church, says he, forbids the dead to be evoked, but "there is nothing to forbid the dead making the gesture themselves."

Sir Shane tells a marvellously funny story about Father Martindale who went to

exorcise an alleged Sense of Evil, which had alarmed a hefty Rugby player. Father Martindale arrived with a breviary, patience cards, a rosary, a thriller, and was positively steaming with Holy Water.

He blessed all the rooms, "calling such spirits as might be about by the most insulting names, and then, poling in case they might be quite nice ones and the Evil in the people they met."

A whizzer

MR LLIOTT O'DONNELL, like Sir Shane, has spent a lot of his life pursuing people who see ghosts, and now he puts about 50 of them into a book, HAUNTED PEOPLE (Rider 15s.).

Napoleon saw a tall red man and the ghost of the Empress Josephine, says Mr O'D.

Charles I was warned by dead Lord Strafford about the Battle of Naseby.

And the second Lord Lyttelton positively whizzed about the countryside after his death, telling his friends he'd been dead for some time.

But you must go to the manufactured ghost stories

for meaning, to practitioners like Lady Cynthia Asquith, who has gathered 27 beauties into her THIRD GHOST BOOK (James Barrie, 15s.). I think I like Margherita Laski's best of this bunch.

Margherita Laski has a lady tourist climbing a haunted tower in Italy. As she goes up, suffering terribly from vertigo, she counts 470 steps. As she comes down, absolutely terrified, she counts 501, 502, 503, and dear me, there is no end....

Lord Dunsany tells this story in the first person. He goes for a walk in a valley and meets a tall, towering, grey thing who tells him: "My father was the mist over the stream." After a little chatter, the ghost says: "I am going away among unicorns, griffons, and wyverns."

"But are there such things?" asks Lord Dunsany. "There used to be," says the ghost.

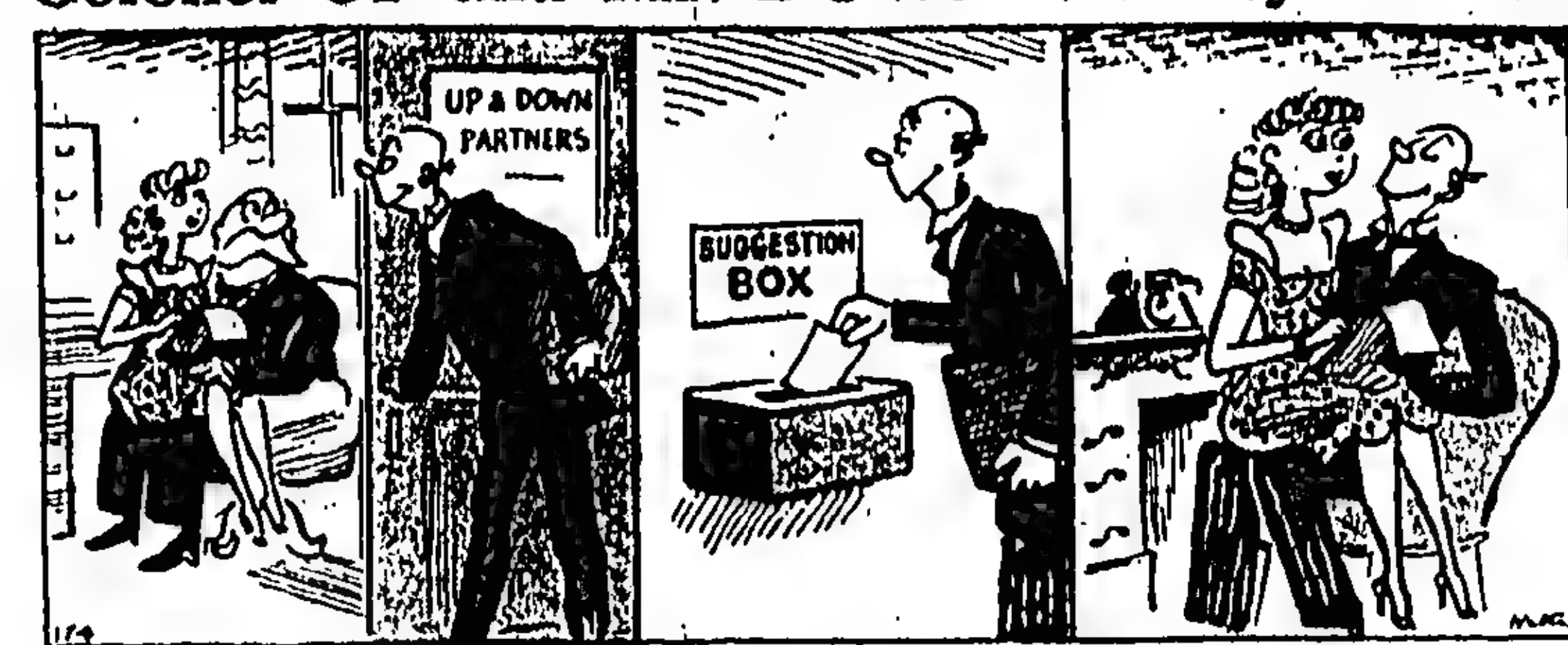
By now, Lord Dunsany is a bit sick of being lectured by a ghost.

"Are there such things as ghosts?" he asks, tentatively. A wind blows then, and the ghost is suddenly gone.

"There used to be," it says.

Two Old Friends Return to Page 14

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

OWNERSHIP

No one in the free world would be anxious to confirm and consolidate previous claims and to set up permanent bases in areas already under dispute. This may mean clashes with USA as well as the Argentine and Chile.

Meanwhile the USA aims at making a spectacular bid for NATO supremacy in these cold regions. The immediate aim is to build a landing ground at the South Pole for light aircraft and transport planes and to set up radar stations in the vicinity.

This will make things hum in the Kremlin.

A CRIME

Article 268 of the Penal Code reads as follows: "Manufacturing, repairing, holding, transmitting or acquiring in any way without licence typewriters is punishable by imprisonment from three months to three years, or by fines ranging from 100 to 2,000 lei."

Similar laws exist in other satellite countries. The Czechoslovakian Ministry of State Security has ordered local authorities to compile registers of persons owning typewriters, and a case is reported of a Czech citizen having been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined 150,000 crowns for failing to report his possession of a duplicating machine.

ANTARCTIC FUREUR

Expert some diplomatic protests to start flying around in the near future in connection with this various expeditions to the Antarctic.

Russia, who has declared her own keen interest in this area, known to be sympathetic with Latin American claims to Antarctic territory, and may press this viewpoint in the United Nations in a renewed effort to win the backing of this vital bloc of countries.

CRACK DOWN

Nehru has ordered a crack-down on the Indian Communist Party. Directives have been sent out to all provincial Governments to use "every means, even the military" to destroy subversive elements.

The Communist organisation, shocked Delhi by their minute and efficient organisation of the recent nation-wide riots.

Investigations have also been ordered of the source of the plentiful Indian Communist funds.

The political boss of Bombay, S. K. Patil, said: "I haven't any proof personally that Russia has been financing the Indian Communist Party. But it may already be in the hands of our secret service."

Patil is Nehru's "trouble shooter." He organised and won the Andhra State elections for the ruling Congress Party in the face of fierce Communist opposition.

Said Patil: "The time has come for a showdown with the Communists. No one can object to

any party that uses democratic methods. But recently certain Communist leaders have shown their hand."

This is a radical change from the "love Russia" mood of a few weeks ago. Bulgaria and Krushchev were then touring India, attacking Britain and winning hysterical acclaim.

Now the bulk of the Communists who welcomed the Soviet leaders to Bombay are in jail. And likely to stay there. Other arrests are expected.

DIET

Diet fads come and go—but diet facts do not. There are swamped with them. There are probably as many theories about human nutrition as there are Americans.

On the other hand, it is probably true that more serious research into the problems of nutrition is being carried on in the United States than in any other country in the world.

The trouble is that, at the moment, the best advice is probably "eat what you feel like and when you feel like it."

Anyhow, some of the facts unearthed by the Nutrition Foundation and revealed recently are these:

The biggest problem arising out of nutrition is weight and what controls it. But research has established that anybody can lose weight or gain weight if he really wants to.

"Unless you take in more calories than you burn up you won't get fat."

The number of calories you take in probably depends on your appetite. And appetite, says Foundation Director Glen King, is probably controlled by "a dynamic equilibrium of many nutrients supplied into the common pathway of nutrition for the central nervous system."

So, if you feel hungry, you almost certainly need to eat and, unless you feel hungry, the odds are that your central nervous system is getting a fair balance of food. If your central nervous system is being fed properly, probably the rest of you is, too.

There are complications, of course—especially emotional complications which can affect everything from your appetite to the way your body uses the food it finally gets.

But, if you're a calm, fairly sane sort of citizen, it won't hurt to take your appetite as your guide.

FOOD

Nature cure "quacks" are described as "witch doctors" and "snake-oil men" in the February issue of The Family Doctor. He says that savages who gave up eating raw roots and owned stew pans lost nothing but their indigestion.

"It is quite right to eat relishes occasionally," he writes. "It is very pleasant to eat fruit, but a diet of nothing but fruit and salad would kill us all off in no time, unless reinforced by steak and kidney pudding, fish and chips, sausage and mash, bacon and eggs, Irish stew and Lancashire hotpot."

"Some of these nature cure people have no conception of dietetics at all. They ignore the very fundamentals of the subject. The only thing you can do on their diet is to fast, which may, for a limited time, be a good thing for gross eaters, but is better called starvation for everyone else."

Sick people, Dr. Edwards states, find it difficult to be rational about their own diseases. They are pathetically easy prey. "They need to be protected against these witch doctors and these nature cure swindlers."

BEARD

News has just reached London of a "Great Beard Growing Competition" in the Antarctic.

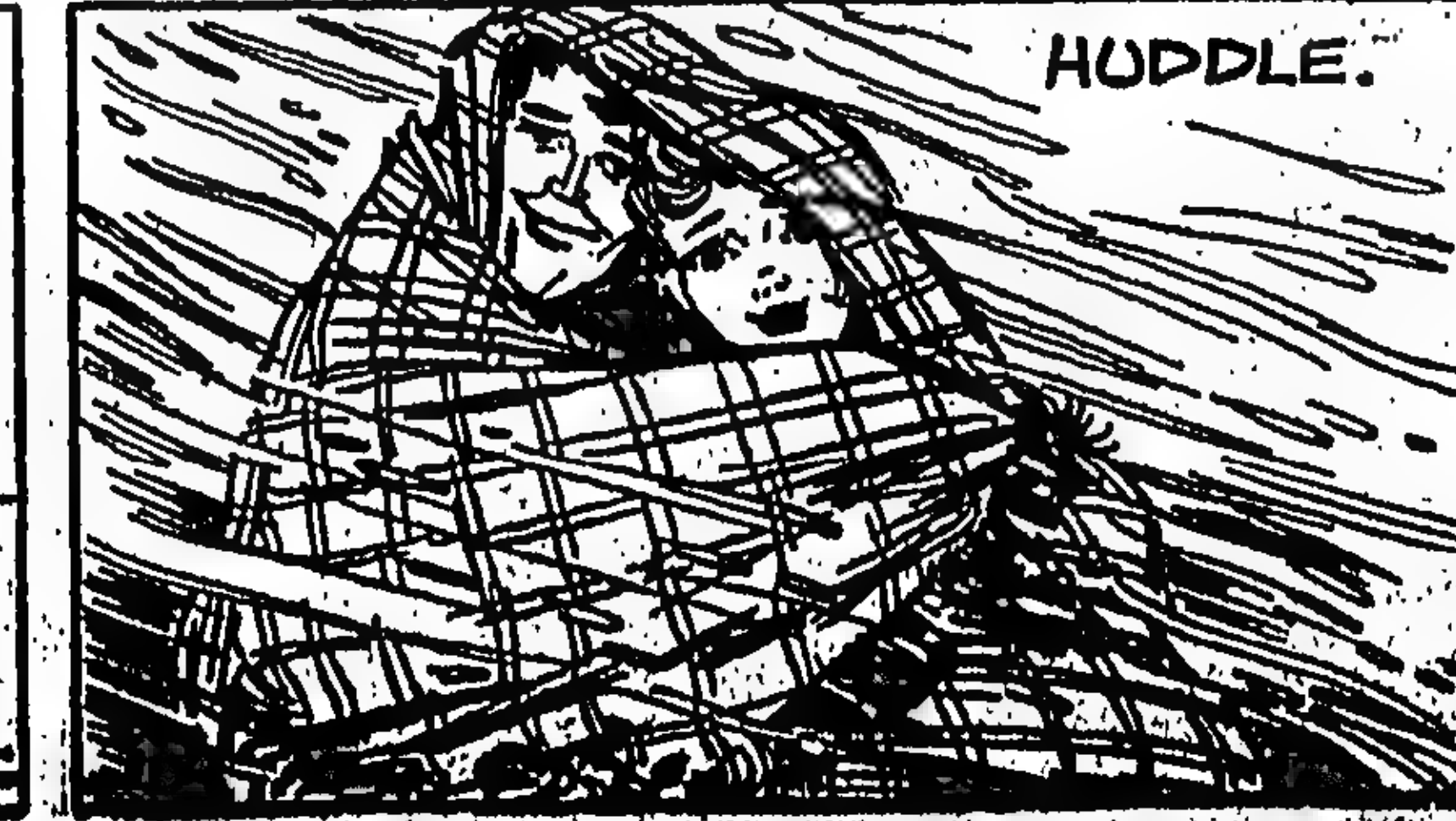
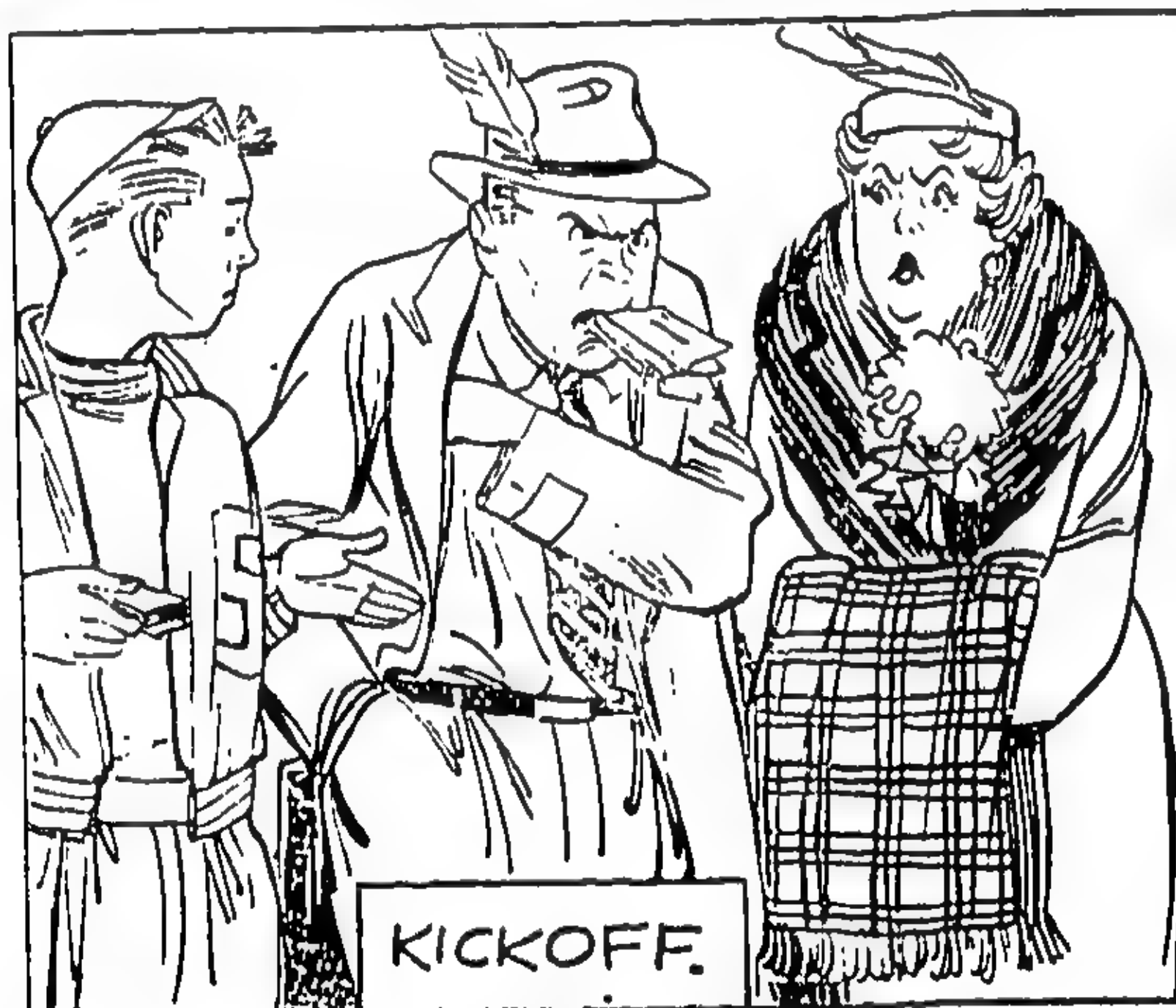
Thirty-four members of the first big photographic aerial survey of British Grahamland are competing because they believe it helps to boost morale and also overcome the tedious business of shaving on icy mountains.

The party sailed from London in October aboard the world's smallest aircraft carrier, a converted Danish cargo ship of 500 tons.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Rah-Rah!

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

"It's In The News" — A New Panel Game Over Radio Hongkong Starts Tomorrow

Radio Hongkong's latest panel game takes the air on Sunday at 9 p.m. when Question Master John Wallace will introduce a fashion model, Pat Craig, a journalist, Lucy Huang, a professional soldier, Robert Scott, and a broadcaster, Nick Kendall.

All have been told to read the South China Morning Post carefully for a week. The problem is to guess a number of mystery news items. They will be given a headline clue and asked to get the story behind it by asking questions — for each item the team only has nine lives — and if John Wallace answers any question "no" then they lose a life. The studio audience are shown the story behind each headline so all they have to do is sit tight and watch the team suffer.

"It's in the News" will be broadcast weekly — and any listener who would like to form part of the studio audience for future programmes can have tickets by writing in to Radio Hongkong, Box 200 — marking their envelopes "It's in the News."

Among modern British composers Benjamin Britten holds a high place, particularly with his operas, of which "The Rape of Lucrece" and "Peter Grimes" are probably the best known.

He has also contributed greatly to the repertoire of English song, where his feeling for the music of words is allied to a most happy and original musical invention. Many of these songs have their roots in English folklore, others were inspired by the poetry of Shakespeare and John Donne.

Benjamin Britten has been fortunate in having as his contemporary so brilliant and sympathetic an interpreter as the well known tenor, Peter Pears. Their partnership in song and piano music is a significant one in the world of English music.

On Monday evening at 9.30 listeners may hear a half hour recital by Peter Pears, in which he will be accompanied by Benjamin Britten.

FOR CHILDREN

On Friday, February 10, Valerie interviews two of the stars of the Ice Company now performing in Hongkong — Miss Jean Matthews, Canadian Champion, and Monsieur Pigier, Olympic Champion.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

- 12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.32 MUSICAL SCIAPHOOK.
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 BOSTON POP ORCHESTRA. FORCES' PROGRAMME.
- 2.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.
- 3.00 COME INTO THE PARLOUR. Music from Northern Ireland.
- 3.30 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Lawrence Tanner.
- 4.00 THE MAN OF PROPERTY. By John Galsworthy, adapted for radio by Muriel Levy. Produced by Hugh Stewart.
- 4.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL — HEMI-FINAL SENIOR SHIELD. Commentary from Hongkong Govt Stadium.
- 5.15 ETHEL SMITH PLAYS THE HITS (ORGAN).
- 5.30 UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Elida. Calling in: Bell the King's Own Royal Regt.
- 6.37 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 6.50 THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA. H.M. the Queen visits Kaduna. Recorded excerpts from the Durbar and Session in the House of Assembly.
- 6.45 THE PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA. Welcome the Queen (Sir Arthur Bliss) — The Ruler of the World (Weber, Op. 27) — Walter Susskind (conductor).
- 6.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
- 7.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 A FAMILY AFFAIR.

- 7.15 MUSICAL COCKTAIL. Lover, Sunday my prince will come, speak of Araby, No in love, A dream is a wish to kiss on, Wunderbar Herbert Sutter (piano) and Rhythm Group.
- 7.20 TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE. By Professor J. Isaacs. No. 8 "Poetic Drama".
- 8.00 MUSIC FROM OPERA. Prelude from "The Maestrosingers" (Wagner). The Vienna Symphony (conducted by Rudolf Moralt). Recorded at Monte Carlo (1955).
- 8.10 "THIS WEEK". News, reports and interviews on and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch. (Note: Nick Kendall of "Juke Box Parade" can be heard at 9 p.m. in the 3rd and last session of "Operation Fat Choy".)
- 8.50 CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT.
- 8.15 WASHINGTON PRESS CONFERENCE. By the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden.
- 8.30 "CAVALCADE". Edited by Brig Young. Produced by John Wallace and Tim C. Handell.
- 8.40 "OPERATION FAT CHOI". The third and last night of Radio Hongkong's Fat Choy diffusion's joint drive to raise funds for needy families over Chinese New Year.
- 9.00 "Phonics your dollar vote to 12211".
- 9.00 MIDNIGHT CLOSE DOWN.

- 9.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 9.05 STOCK MARKET REPORT.
- 9.08 VOICE OF THE TRADES WINDS. Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians.
- 9.10 TIME SIGNAL.
- 9.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 9.20 TOP OF THE MOON.
- 9.25 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.30 MARCHING AND WALTZING.
- 9.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 9.40 DOUBLE ATTRACTION. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 1.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Presented by Leonard Ludwig.
- 1.35 "DEAD CIRCUIT". Adapted by Elston Trevor from the novel by Simon Rattray. Parade 6 "Three a.m. Deadline".
- 2.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 2.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 2.10 RADIO PANEL GAME. With Pat Craig, Lucy Huang, Robert Scott, Nick Kendall. Chairman: John Wallace. Produced by Timothy Birch.
- 2.15 "THE RULER OF THE WORLD". By Albert Errede. (Piano Duets from "Khovantchik" (Mussorgsky) by Berlin Philharmonic Orch. conducted by Leonard Ludwig.

Sunday

- 10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
- 10.15 MORNING MELODY. "Under Paris Skies".
- 10.30 MORNING "PROM". Orchestra des Concerts Lamoureux.
- 11.00 RELAY OF THE SERVICE. H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visit Kaduna. Church, Kowloon. Preceded by the Rev. Eric Hatz. Organist Mr C. Handell.
- 11.30 noon "SHOW TUNER". Yours is my heart alone: Love's Handicap. I'll follow my secret heart. Someone to watch over me: Strunk Music. I still get jealous: They say it's wonderful: So far.
- 12.30 p.m. STUDIO: MUSIC MAGAZINE. (Compiled and introduced by Peter Sharp.
- An interview with Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears who discuss the music they will play and sing in their recital on Monday evening at 9.30 p.m. Frederick Pordes contributes a note on the death of Erich Kleiber.
- The Rev. Father T. F. Ryan, S.J. talks on Beethoven's Regatta Op. 29 to be played in the Sunday Concert.
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- JAY WILBUR AND HIS STRING ENSEMBLE.
- 1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.25 STUDIO: SPORTS TIME.
- 1.30 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.
- 2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL. Ezio Pinza (basso). With Donald Voorhees and the orchestra.
- 3.00 JOURNEY INTO SPACE. Written and produced by Charles Chilton.
- 3.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.
- 4.30 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL — HEMI-FINAL SENIOR SHIELD. Commentary from Hongkong Govt Stadium.
- 5.15 LIGHT ORCHESTRAL FAVOURITES. Flowers of Flattery — Al Goodman and his Orch.; Beautiful Ohio — Al Goodman and his Orchestra; Salut D'Amour — Victor MacKenzie and his Orch.; There are things one must forget — Oscar Straus conducting the

- 5.30 THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA. H.M. the Queen visits Kaduna. Recorded excerpts from the Durbar and Session in the House of Assembly.
- 6.45 THE PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA. Welcome the Queen (Sir Arthur Bliss) — The Ruler of the World (Weber, Op. 27) — Walter Susskind (conductor).
- 6.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
- 7.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Ferdinand



- Columbia Concert Orch.: Funiculi Funicula — Columbia Salon Orch.
- 3.30 SPANISH FIESTA. Los Chavales de Espana (with vocalists).
- 6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 6.05 STUDIO: FORCES' EVENING SERVICE. Conducted by the Rev. P. S. Grimwood, R.A.F.
- 6.30 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.
- 6.35 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
- 7.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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- 7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
- 7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
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- 7.20 TOP OF THE MOON.
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- ven) — Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orch.: Piano Concerto No. 3 in D minor Op. 20 (Rachmaninoff) — Moura Lympany (piano) with Anthony Collins conducting the New Symphony Orch.
- 10.45 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
- 10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- MUSIC AT THE CLOSE. (Imperial) (Haydn). The Vienna Symphony Orch. conducted by Paul Sechter.
- 11.20 FPLIQUE (RECORDED). Conducted by the Very Rev. F. S. Temple.
- GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
- 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

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- 5.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
- 7.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 EDUARDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. A programme of Latin American music.
- 7.45 SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. Ramon Roldan (voice), Terry Martin (piano).
- 8.00 "VIEWPOINT". A weekly magazine devoted to the Arts edited and introduced by Janet Tomlin.
- 8.30 MUSIC FOR YOU — 11. By Peter Parra (tenor) and Benjamin Britten (piano). Presented by Timothy Birch.
- 9.30 A CONCERT. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
- 10.00 GYPSY MELODIES. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
- 10.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
- 10.45 PIANO RHYTHM FROM ITALY. Luciano Bolognese. Viale D'Autunno, Ghechi Proibiti, Moglietta; Aveva Un Basso, Tutti le Manne.
- 10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS, RELAY (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
- 11.05 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Gold and Silver Waltz; Acceleration Waltz — Vox Sinfonietta conducted by Ernst Graf.
- 11.30 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
- 11.35 CLOSE DOWN.

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- 1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Presented by Leonard Ludwig.
- 1.35 "DEAD CIRCUIT". Adapted by Elston Trevor from the novel by Simon Rattray. Parade 6 "Three a.m. Deadline".
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- 2.10 RADIO PANEL GAME. With Pat Craig, Lucy Huang, Robert Scott, Nick Kendall. Chairman: John Wallace. Produced by Timothy Birch.
- 2.15 "THE RULER OF THE WORLD". By Albert Errede. (Piano Duets from "Khovantchik" (Mussorgsky) by Berlin Philharmonic Orch. conducted by Leonard Ludwig.

Tuesday

- 7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
- 7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 TOP OF THE MOON.
- 7.25 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.30 MARCHING AND WALTZING.
- 7.35 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 7.40 DOUBLE ATTRACTION. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
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- 5.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
- 7.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 7.15 EDUARDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. A programme of Latin American music.
- 7.45 SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. Ramon Roldan (voice), Terry Martin (piano).
- 8.00 "VIEWPOINT". A weekly magazine devoted to the Arts edited and introduced by Janet Tomlin.
- 8.30 MUSIC FOR YOU — 11. By Peter Parra (tenor) and Benjamin Britten (piano). Presented by Timothy Birch.
- 9.30 A CONCERT. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
- 10.00 GYPSY MELODIES. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
- 10.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE. Dick Bentley (voice) with Jan Garber and his orchestra, Dinah Shore (voice).
- 10.45 PIANO RHYTHM FROM ITALY. Luciano Bolognese. Viale D'Autunno, Ghechi Proibiti, Moglietta; Aveva Un Basso, Tutti le Manne.
- 10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS, RELAY (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
- 11.05 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Gold and Silver Waltz; Acceleration Waltz — Vox Sinfonietta conducted by Ernst Graf.
- 11.30 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
- 11.35 CLOSE DOWN.

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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Special Cash Sweep on the
Pearce Memorial Cup
4th February, 1956.

The following numbers on the above Sweep have been taken in a subscription list exhibited at the Club House, Happy Valley, in the name of a person who is not a member of the Club and who cannot be identified.

The Stewards have exercised their rights under Rule 3, of the Rules for Special Cash Sweeps, by removing the subscriber's name from the list and the numbers concerned will not now be drawn.

Nos. 185341 to 185350 inclusive.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 1st Feb., 1956.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 7th Race Meeting 1956-57 to be held on Saturday, 18th and Sunday, 19th February, 1956, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley, and the Sales, Sham Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Wednesday, 8th February, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SIXTH (ANNUAL) RACE MEETING

Saturday, 28th January, Wednesday 1st & Saturday, 4th February, 1956.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 30 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon each day.

The Tiffin interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.) each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons must wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Buses at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tiffins will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose, a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Although Through Tickets cannot normally be purchased for each day of a Meeting unless there is an interval of at least two days between each day an exception is being made for the Annual Race Meeting. Through Cash Sweep Tickets, therefore, at \$20 each per day or \$60 for the three days of the Meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours until 10.00 a.m. on each day of the Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 27th January will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 4th February 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 5, D'Agular Street and 352, Nathan Road.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

TOURNAMENT RUGGER

Police May Upset The RAF Today

Says "PAK LO"

The three major Rugby Tournament games will all take place on the Hongkong side this afternoon with the Army South versus Club clash taking pride of place on the Army ground at Sookunpoo at 3.00 p.m.

Following this on the same ground at 4.15 p.m. the RAF will meet the Police and this match could turn out to be the surprise of the afternoon. On the Causeway Bay ground at 3.00 p.m. the Navy will take on Army North.

At present the Club top the Tournament table with 6 points and Army South, with a game in hand, are only two points behind. The game Army South have still to play off is against Army North and on their respective showings on Wednesday the Army South look likely to consolidate their claim for top place in the table alongside the Club.

ARMY SOUTH v. CLUB
Much will, therefore, depend on the outcome of today's match and Army South have made a few changes in their forwards.

Barber, a newcomer, moves into the second row, replacing Clatworthy who drops back to lock in place of Phillips who is missing from the line-up this week-end, and finally Duffett returns in preference to Jones, otherwise the side is unchanged. The Club have also made a few changes. In the second row, in place of Carpenter, is anything this will strengthen the Club's attack in attack and defence, but in both there was a serious lack last week on one wing. The Club park is strong and heavy and should be in a position to match the Army South in the line-up this week-end, but Barber should win and win comfortably the act seems for the Army, for he must be reckoned as one of the best players available in the Colony. The Club weakness lies in the failure of the three to run straight up field but provided they have improved in this respect they are

fully capable of going through to a win. The Army South attack relies to a great extent on Gerrard, but close marking and hard tackling can take the life out of him and put him off his stride. The other danger in the Army attack is Anderson, and the Club have a strong must tackle and tackle low at all costs. Of the halves, the Army pair combine much better, but O'Kelly has improved to such a great extent of late that he may easily be a match for them. Both sets of halves will probably find themselves under strong attack from the Club forwards, and this should be the controlling factor. The whole line should be a really close game, but with the Club getting the ball from the line-out as well as the line they should be able to hold down the attack of the Army South long enough to score sufficient points for a win.

POLICE v. RAF

The second game on the same ground, today, could be a real test for the Police for the Army are without one of their stars in Lamb.

It has been often said and will be said again that one man does not make a side, and while the generalisation is usually true, it fails to stand up under inspection in this case. When Lamb went down to Singapore before Christmas the RAF Maori were treated to a series of reverses which they little expected, and on his return they immediately returned to their old form.

Therefore, the loss of Lamb, whatever the reason, will be a blow to the Army's aspirations this season, and the Police pack, which is very heavy and is showing some really good work, particularly in the loose and the line-outs, should be able today to give their backs a large share of the ball.

Once again their backs are in a state of flux, but the combination of Lloyd as the scrum half is an excellent idea. The three line is fairly strong, particularly in defence, and they should be able to hold the RAF three.

The Attack have dropped Fraser back to full back in place of Phillips who moves in to the centre of the three line. This may weaken the attack of the backs and there have already been some changes in the RAF pack.

New to the front row is Evans, and Thomas is the newcomer to the back row. This is not the same team who has played in the forwards before but another of the same ilk.

Southwick moves forward into the second row of the scrum, leaving Page and Tait as the wing forwards. This should weaken the attack for Southwick is one of the

best wing forwards the Airman have and is vested in the second row. Three Police strong with plentiful supply of the ball, and another couple of tournament points to their credit, provided Lamb does not return at the last moment.

NAVY v. ARMY NORTH

Finally the Navy versus Army North game. The Army side have made one big change. With Bishop leaving the Colony shortly, he is replaced by Keir, who drops back from fly half, and Cain who has played in the latter position before, moves up to take over.

Preston returns to one wing, and after his fine display on Wednesday Fidler was an almost automatic choice for the other wing.

The pack also shows two changes. Hill is missing from the wing forward spot and is replaced by McCullagh, while Cordova is back in the scrum in the vacated position.

Quite how Sharpe and Cain will combine remains to be seen, and whether Keir will prove to be the full back the Army side are looking for is a moot point.

Both de Cordova and Hill will be missed, though their substitutes are capable of doing their share to a large extent.

The Navy also shows many changes. All brought in at the side, Morton appears on one wing, Davies in the centre of the three and Keir, not go down to the centre before, takes over as full back at the beginning of the season but was injured, and his ship has been out of the Colony since then. Taylor at scrum half, and the pack has three changes.

In fact this is almost a reconstituted fifteen, and should show an improvement over the last few weeks. But the Army North side should prove too strong for the Navy and since they should get at least a share of the ball, the Army North should win by a fairly comfortable margin.

HOW THEY STAND

Here is the Hexangular Table to date:

Club	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Club	3	2	0	0	48	11	4
Army N	2	1	0	0	20	17	3
Army S	1	0	2	2	23	21	2
Police	3	0	1	2	27	47	1
Navy	3	0	0	3	15	53	0

TODAY'S TEAMS

RAF: Fraser, Lewis, Phillips, Dyer, Wilton, Cornish, Leonard, Anderson, Davis, Evans, Hannan, Southwick, Page, Thomas, Tait, Fidler, Morrison, O'Kelly, Ward, A. N. O'Neil, Nash, Scott, Lloyd, Davies, Cunningham, Brown, Shelton, Ford, Brain, Ross, Walker, (Capt) Roberts, Inglis, Addis, Valentin, MacCallum, O'Kelly, Stewart, Wilton, Russell, Elliot, Hargrove, Miller, Penman, Kerr, Armstrong, Wright.

Club: Martin, Morton, Lloyd, Davies, Fawcett, Moore, Taylor, Gale, Dunn, Whitehead, Robinson, Fidler, Keir, Wray, Turner, Army South: Rowe, Anderson, O'Neil, Nash, Gervais, Williams, Jackson, Owen, Barber, Duffett, Cross, Weekes, Barber, Duffett, Clatworthy, Keir, Fidler, Moore, Preston, Cain, Sherpe, Chandler, Kilbeck, Tilden, Kealous, Pearson, Allen, Wade, McCullagh.

HONG KONG OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY

The Annual Cricket Match of the above Society is to be held at the Hong Kong Cricket Club on Sunday, 19th February at 12 o'clock.

Will any member of either University, not necessarily a member of the Society, who wishes to play please inform one of the following:—

G. T. Rowe Tel. 20888 — Oxford
B. I. Barlow Tel. 36509 — Cambridge

John Landy May Attack Three Miles Record

Melbourne (Victoria). John Landy and Dave Stephens may make a dual attempt on the Australian three-mile record before the Australian Athletics Championships are held in March, 1956.

When Stephens made the suggestion, Landy said he would like to take part in the race if it was staged at a time when it would not interfere with his preparations for other events.

Stephens said that he wanted to have an agreement with Landy that they shared the pacing for either two or two and a half miles of the three, and then went "flat out" for the finish.

"In this way," Stephens said, "we should get the three-mile time down to 13m 20.7."

Stephens holds the present Australian record for the three miles with 13m 31.8. "World title-holder is Hungarian Sander Iharos, who ran the distance in 13m 12.4 and Stephens are able to agree on the race, it will probably be held at a special twilight meeting in Melbourne.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

A. G. Bower

By ARCHIE QUICK

When I met up with him again he was adroitly balancing a long shafted club on the end of his nose for the amusement of the assembled company, but, in the past, he had performed much more difficult feats than that. For instance, not many amateurs can get into eleven and the daffodil-balancing gentleman did it five times.

For he was A.G. ("Balsh") Bower, one of the all-time Soccer greats, a Corinthian in the halcyon days of that supreme amateur organisation and regular member of the Chelsea team at right back. "A.G." played against Ireland in 1924, Wales in 1925 and 1927 and also gained two "caps" against Belgium. Now he is welfare and sports officer to a big Croydon works.

He selects as his greatest Corinthian team: Howard Baker; A. G. Bower, A. E. Knight; J. Moulds, A. H. Chaddler, J. Ewer; A. E. Taylor, F. N. S. Creek, C. Ashton, A. G. Douglass, K. E. Hegan. In reserve there were such stalwarts as J. Morrison, H. Ashton, A. J. Fabian and J. Jenkins.

ALL INTERNATIONALS

Bower, Baker, Knight, Creek, Ashton, Moulds, Chaddler, Douglass and Hegan were all Internationals, and the Corinthians feared no foe in these palmy days after World War I. They shocked the professionals by knocking mighty Blackburn Rovers out of the Cup, and followed it up with two drawn games against Brighton and Hove Albion before superior training began to tell and they lost the second replay.

Bower, owner of innumerable Amateur International "caps" says those days can never come back because of economic reasons. "When a young man leaves the Varsity now," he says, "he has to get his head down to some work, not go roaming about the place playing football. But they were grand times, and I loved, also playing with the professionals of Chelsea. The Corinthians (plus Casuals) of today are businessmen, who cannot afford to treat Soccer as a hobby and they have had the leisure for the necessary training. We were as hard as nails all the time, and prided ourselves on being even fitter than the professionals we played against."

Mr Bower thinks the game a lot faster today, but not so clever. "How could it be," he says, "when they are all for speed and have no time to work the ball? Maybe it is a better spectacle—I don't know."

Sports Diary

TODAY

Cricket
Div 1: Army "N" v Navy IRC v C.C.C. at Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.
Div 2: KGV School Army "N" v Dockyard v IRC at Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.
Div 3: KGV School Army "N" v Dockyard v IRC at Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.

Racing
Final day of the Annual Race Meeting, Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.

Soccer
Senior Shield Semi-final: Kitchee v CAA at Caroline Hill, 2.30 p.m.
Junior Shield: Kitchee v KMB or Eastern at Caroline Hill, 4.45 p.m.
At Boundary Street, 2.30 p.m.
Div 1: KGV School Army "N" v Dockyard v IRC at Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.
Div 2: KGV School Army "N" v Dockyard v IRC at Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.
Div 3: KGV School Army "N" v Dockyard v IRC at Happy Valley, 11.30 a.m.

Div 4: Little Sai Wan v Talker: KMB v CMB at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 5: Dockyard v KVC, Tranway v Gymnasium at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 6: Priests v Telephone at Boundary Street, 2.30 p.m.

Div 7: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 8: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 9: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.

Div 10: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 11: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 12: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.

Div 13: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 14: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 15: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.

Div 16: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 17: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 18: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.

Div 19: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
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Div 22: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
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Div 24: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.

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Div 26: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
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Div 28: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 29: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 30: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.

Div 31: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 32: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.
Div 33: Hollandia v Tanager at Happy Valley, 2.30 p.m.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

MANY FOLKS ARE ASKING IF HONGKONG WOULD BENEFIT FROM A EUROPEAN TOUR

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

One of the most interesting points of discussion to come out of the recent successful visits of the Austrian and Yugoslavian footballers to the Colony concerns the advisability of arranging extensive overseas tours for Hongkong footballers.

The gist of the proposals is that Hongkong football and footballers can only make real progress by going out and meeting the great soccer countries of the world in their own particular environment. With the theory of the suggestion there can surely be no quibble.

It is sound in ideal and in conception, and who can disagree with the dominant theme that practical indoctrination into the ways and means of others, and into their styles and methods, is an important step along the road to better football.

Having regard to all the advantages that could accrue from such a project, one would expect to hear that it had been greeted with considerable enthusiasm... that it was receiving favourable comment from football folks... and that it was generally regarded as a good idea.

Such, however, is not quite the case, at least not with some of the people who have talked to me about it. Already some very firm views have been formed about the whole suggestion and they are not all in unqualified favour of it being put into practice.

CURIOUS FEATURE

The curious feature about it all is that the longer one listens to the contra points of view being expressed, the more does one find that there is no lack of reasoning... and no dislike to Colony football involved, in fact the very opposite impression is gathered.

Here is how it was put to me on Wednesday by one for whose views I have the greatest respect. Any European tour by a Hongkong side would almost certainly be undertaken with the long term idea that it would prove beneficial to Hongkong's international status by giving the current Colony players an opportunity to play against the great soccer stars—and teams—of the world.

Such an experience would undoubtedly be of the greatest educational value to the players involved, but it is agreed that, that does not mean it would automatically contribute any improvement to Hongkong's international standing.

It is further argued that to achieve such a goal would require a guarantee from the players who make the trip that they would represent the Colony in future international competitions. Without this the tour would from a Hongkong point of view be valueless.

Any tour of a representative side would of necessity be sponsored by the Hongkong Football Association and, as that body is interested only in the promotion and improvement of football in the Colony, it would naturally consider all the consequences of such an expensive tour in the greatest detail.

As was pointed out to me in no uncertain manner, it would be a strange situation if the Association sponsored a visit to Europe, and then found later, that the "educated" players were in an opposing team in a subsequent international competition... it would be very much a case of planting seeds for someone else to enjoy the fruits.

IMPORTANT ASPECT

Now I wish to make it clear that I am not querying the right of any individual player who is duly qualified to represent a particular country to do so, but I do present an important aspect that is causing many folk to do a lot of deep thinking at the moment. For very obvious reasons there will be conflicting opinions on the matter, but few will disagree that it is a far reaching problem.

Representing the Colony against most casual visitors is not "international" in the accepted sense, and while the faithful public which does so much to support the game would probably get a better return for their money from improved performances by those of our players who have had the benefit of a tour in Europe, but they would lose out when it came to real international competition for the Colony could—in fact if

precedent is accepted—would be denied the services of many of these players.

The attitude of many folks now seems to be... by all means send a team to Europe... but only if it is going to be a "last" lasting benefit for HONGKONG.

I am one of the people who believe there is no place for politics in sport and as I happen to be writing about soccer at the moment the same principle is involved. To me, football is football wherever it is played.

However, there is not the slightest doubt that the opposition offered to the powerful Yugoslavian national side by the footballers on the mainland of China has caused many a Hongkong eyeball to be lifted... and that the Hongkong side did to our team... and to others along the way.

With the Olympic Games just ahead, it would seem that the players from the mainland—if this match indicated their normal standard—may prove themselves to be strong opponents for all but the very best teams.

At the beginning of this season I made comment about the state of the playing pitch at Caroline Hill and suggested that after the harsh treatment it received during the heavy summer programme it was not going to last out the season.

SMALL CROWD

The crowd—small as it was—that watched the Eastern-RAF game there last Saturday must have noticed how the playing surface has deteriorated in recent weeks. It is now in shocking condition and compares very unfavorably with any of the other grounds where senior football is played.

Large patches of the field are now completely bare of grass and the players are being hindered in their efforts to play good football for the ball is coming off different parts of the surface at very different speeds.

It is indeed a great pity to see this fine ground reduced to its present state and it would be to their lasting benefit—and credit—if the Soccer China officials decided to give the playing pitch a complete rest during the forthcoming closed season in order that it can be restored to its former standard.

At present it is far removed from what is expected of a first-class stadium such as we have at Caroline Hill.

With the brilliant play of the Austrians and the Yugoslavs now tucked away in the album of things we shall like to recall, we get down to the thrills of sudden death football again with the semi-finals of the Senior and Junior Shields due for decision this week-end.

WEEK-END GAMES

The programme is as follows:—
Today: Senior Shield Semi-final, Kitchee v CAA.
Junior Shield Semi-final, Kitchee v KMB.

Tomorrow: Senior Shield Semi-final, Eastern v Army.
Junior Shield Semi-final, Sing Tay v Eastern.

All the games will be played at the Hongkong Stadium. The Junior Shield matches will start at 1.45 p.m. and the Senior ties at 3.30 p.m. The games will be of 45 minutes each way, and extra time of 10 minutes each way will be played in the event of a draw.

The Kitchee-CAA clash this afternoon will provide plenty of thrills. Kitchee on reputation will start favourites but if they turn in the same inspired show as they did against South China last week they could well make their exit from the trophy.

CAA are a lively young side and they have shown on several occasions that they can upset the best of opposition. They will not go out without a fight, but based on the season's

performances Kitchee must get the vote... now they have to prove they are worth it.

TENSE STRUGGLE
Tomorrow will see a capacity crowd at the Stadium when star-studded Eastern clash with the Army. After their showing against South China the soldiers will not lack confidence and the match may well develop into a tense struggle between the speed and strength of the Army and the wiles and experience of Eastern's veteran players.

The issue is very open and extra-time, and even a replay, may be necessary before a decision is reached... but whatever the outcome the crowd can be certain of seeing a real thriller from the word 'go'.

There is one League match on the schedule this week-end and the Kowloon soccerites may see Kwong-Wah edge out St Joseph's at Boundary Street.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Put these Wimbledon Champions in the order in which they won the title: Donald Budge, Fred Perry, Jack Kramer and Bill Tilden.

2. Former World Champions these, but at what sports? Elsworth Vines, Tommy Burns and Jack Lovelock.

3. In a rowing event, which two men face each other who did Freddie Mills beat to win the World Cruiserweight title?

4. Who

Joe Davis Still Prefers To Play Billiards

Joe Davis may have made over six hundred century breaks at snooker, but he still prefers to play billiards. "It is much the more skillful game," he told me, "and that is why snooker is so popular. It is easier for the moderate player."

Now that the Leicester Square Hall has disappeared under an office building scheme, the snooker professionals have had to go to the provinces to play off the ties in the "News of the World" Tournament, and the organiser, Mr Leslie Holmes (the was the horn-rimmed bespectacled pianist in the stage act of the Two Leslies) told me that the move has been a great success. In the idiom of the stage he said they had played to capacity in Newcastle, Belfast, Jersey, Blackpool, and that all the big cities were to be visited.

There was, however, only one week of play in London and that was staged at Burroughes and Watts Hall in Soho. Joe's only winter appearance in the Tournament in the Metropolis was against John Pulman and brother Fred took on Jack Hea for the next three days.

"It is sad to think that there is no big snooker in London any more," said Joe. "I tried hard to find a suitable site, but it was impossible. The old hall had made it impracticable." So the game is banished to the provinces whereas in the old days it used to thrive at the Mecca of Thurston.

GALLANT COMPANY

The guests of McEneaney, Tom, and the rest of the gallant company seemed to have the small hall in the corner of Soho Square and eye the proceedings regretfully. "It is unfortunate for the young professionals who are just coming to the front that all this should have happened," said Davis.

"Players like Pulman and Hea were just making their mark, and now they have been deprived of their chief source of public income. Of course, they will do well in the provinces and with their excellent but it is not the same as being constantly in the public eye at Thurston."

Davis, by the way, is in as brilliant form as ever. A little more round than last year perhaps, but the skill which has made him the greatest exponent of all time is still very much present, and his mastery of the 22-ball game is as strong as ever. Moreover, there is still the widest of gulfs between him and his rivals.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

1956 Monte Carlo Rally Recalls Another, Earlier Celebrated Trial

Among the prized souvenirs of Britain's Royal Automobile Club are some weather-beaten, faded flags. They are some of the markers used in the first major motor rally ever staged in Britain — the famous "1,000 Mile Trial" of 1900.

What a contrast to the start of a modern Monte Carlo rally was the muster of the Trial's 65 competitors at London's Hyde Park Corner on April 23 of that year.

Zero-hour—7 a.m.—brought out a collection of vehicles of all shapes and designs. Besides the petrol-driven engines, there were two steam-powered cars and one driven by heavy oil. Seating arrangements on them ranged from solo saddles on motor tricycles to the benches of sixteen-passenger wagons. With a speed limit of 12 m.p.h. in England, 10 m.p.h. in Scotland and 8 m.p.h. in all towns, the cavalcade set out on the 1,000-mile route.

CIRCULAR COURSE

Their circular course took them from London to Bristol, up the entire west coast of England, over the Scottish border, and then cross-country to Edinburgh. From there, their radars were pointed homeward on the long route south, taking in a dozen main towns. When at last the survivors reached the finishing point in London, they received their gold and silver medals.

The roads of those days were not kind to machinery. All along the route, competitors battled to cope with broken driving-chains, snapped axles, fractured cuspings—even disintegrating bodies. Petrol was another problem. There was no streamlined national distribution service like today's, no filling-station around every other bend. Fuel had to be bought from those known-mongers willing to stock it, and one of the jobs of the RAC committee staging the Trial was to arrange the distribution of the 250 gallons of motor spirit a day required by the competitors.

Yet this Trial was one of the most significant milestones in early motoring history.

It gave hundreds who had never seen a "horseless carriage"

THE KID LOSES NO TIME



Kild Gavilan, former World Welterweight Champion, who arrived in London on January 25, lost no time in commencing training. He is pictured during a workout at Noble's gymnasium, Bermendsey, preparing for the contest against the unbeaten Peter Waterman, of London, at Harringay on February 7.—Central Express Photo.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

St Joseph's And Warriors Feature In Main Attraction Tomorrow

By "TIME OUT"

As softball rounds its crucial final lap of the League fixtures, Jindo Hussain's flag-chasing Saint Joseph's will be featured in the starring role as they meet Eddie Marques' strong Warrior nine in tomorrow's main attraction at 3.30 p.m.

Featured also on the side are the League-leading Braves and the youthful Blackhaws as they lock horns with the lowly Chinese Athletics and the US Navy respectively.

Supporters of the feminine section will find more than their money's worth at the park tomorrow morning as the two top teams, South China and Wahchoo meet in the initial game of their play-off series in tomorrow's curtain-raiser.

In their act when they meet the hard-fighting Warriors, the Saints will have to be out

in full strength as another loss will mean farewell to their pennant hopes as they are lying just one game behind the leading Braves, and a win will keep their hopes alive for another crack at the potential Champions when they meet again for the second time. With no more losses to their name from now to the end of their schedule, the Saints will bring themselves up to the first-place slot in the Senior "A" bracket with the Braves, with a play-off deciding the Championship.

Sparring no quarters in their clash tomorrow, Jindo Hussain will probably start regular southpaw hurler A. R. Suleh on the slab with "stone" wall Mario Pereira directing curbs behind the plate. Sluggers Ken Donaldson will be posted at first while Art "mighty mite" Ozorio patrols the keyhole.

The hot-corner spot with the infallible mitt of last year's Most Valuable Player winner Benny Omar in action, will stand out as their main defensive item while the dangerous windy-alley position will probably be in the hands of veteran Yankee Claude Pugh with young ballhawk Onofre Sousa standing by.

FULL TURN-OUT

With a full turn-out, the outer gardens will find decorated Gus Pereira at left, A. Ismail at centre and Dave "Bambino" Leonard at the right-field sector. Slugging power in this squad will come from the hickories of Ken Donaldson, Dave Leonard, Claude Pugh, Benny Omar and Gus Pereira.

Entering the diamond as underdogs, Eddie Marques' Warriors will be fighting tooth and nail to knock the Saints from their lofty perch and should Sparring the formidable infield quartet will be hustling Stephen Xavier at short with the "all-flexible" Joey Reis posted at the initial sack.

Noted as one the best hurlers in the senior bracket today, Wong has hung up for himself quite a number of masterpieces including three one-hitters which he claimed from hard-hitting outfits. His easy windmill motion on the slab has acquired for him the reputation of being the fastest and trickiest mound artist today.

Hindsmatching his deliveries will be rifleman catcher George "Juicy" Ribeiro, an impregnable wall in that department. Sparking the formidable infield quartet will be hustling Stephen Xavier at short with the "all-flexible" Joey Reis posted at the initial sack.

Leader in the batting department at present, Hank Kilgus will be taking his usual position at second base for this thrills-packed tussle while the hot-corner post will probably find Miguel Ferras in action.

In the outer line of defence, the Warriors feature: husky Jimmy Chang at left, an authority in this particular department with their "Bonus Baby" Ralph Meyer in the centre gardens. With his eye

back on the ball after a long slump Meyer will be banging away at the Saint outfield to regain lost confidence.

For the rightfield spot mentor Marques will probably start Terry Ewins as he has been dishing out a very good brand of ball in his last few outings in the holding as well as batting departments when he acquired the name of "slugger".

OUT IN FORCE

Supporters of the Braves' camp will be out in force to root for a Warrior victory as that would mean a clear coast to Penningtonville for them. However, judging on recent performances of both teams, a real hard-fought battle will ensue and "sticking my neck out", I predict a Warrior win.

The other Senior Division game that should provide quite a handful of thrills will come from the Navy-Blackhawk encounter as both teams can be counted on to put up a good show anytime. For local fans the arrival of a new Navy nine has always been a thrill as fans and players alike look forward to learning from the visitors' new ideas especially in the pitching side.

By virtue of their poor show when they bowed to a weak US Navy nine last week, the cellar-dwelling Chinese Athletics will be on the short end of another lopsided score tomorrow when they cross bats with the League-leading Braves who are moving down every team in their path in their determined trip to another senior League pennant.

WHO'D BE A MANAGER!

TRIBULATIONS TOO OFTEN FOLLOW SUCCESS

By DON REVIE

What a wonderful season Alf Ramsey, former Spurs and England fullback, is having in his first full season as manager of Ipswich Town. Alf's success brings to light a very interesting point. And that is the number of managers who have a good run at the start of their managerial careers.

I don't know whether it is the zest of taking over a new job—or whether they have not yet had time to get worn down by the cares of office.

But the fact remains that many managers are most successful in their early years of control. Apart from Alf Ramsey, we have Mr David Halliday, former Manchester City centre-forward, who must feel happy the way his new club, Leicester City, are doing in the Second Division. Particularly as this is his first season as a manager in England.

Mr Harry Storer has already made his name as a manager with Birmingham and Coventry City, and he has certainly got Derby County away to a good start in the Northern Section. A few years ago my old boss Raich Carter joined Hull City as player-manager, and they won promotion from the Northern Section. Peter Doherty did the same when he joined Doncaster Rovers as player-manager.

The football records are full of incidents like these, where managers won promotion, Championships or the Cup in their earlier years of control.

I think this proves that being a football club manager must be one of the most onerous jobs to hold down. A spell of bad results and the criticisms start; the manager tries not to get worried but is soon burdened down by all the calls on his service.

No wonder there is a widespread practice these days for a manager to surround himself with loyal and able lieutenants who can share some of the responsibilities.

STAGGERED

One of the most extraordinary suggestions put to me was the chap who said: "The refereeing is so bad this season, Don, that it's time we had a new way of assessing them. Why don't referees get classified according to the crowd's reactions to their decisions?"

I could not agree with this mad keen Soccer fan that the referees are a poor lot this season. I think they are as good as ever—and they are certainly getting tougher. That's

a healthy sign if we are going to cut out some of the time-wasting tactics which have been permitted in the past.

But the idea of judging a referee's ability on the crowd's reactions completely staggered me. Such a scheme would be completely unworkable—we would have every ref as a "home" accepting the crowd's applause when he awarded free-kicks and penalties to the home side.

There is no doubt that British Soccer crowds are among the fairest and most sporting in the world. We don't get the sort of incidents that happened in Armenia recently when several people were sent to prison for 20 to 25 years for rioting at a football match! Nevertheless, the British Soccer fan is only human, and he is bound to think that his own side is more sinned against than sinning.

I don't suppose 10 per cent of any football crowd really know the laws of the game—they are never quite certain whether a referee is signalling for a direct or indirect free kick—and they are generally very hazy about such things as obstruction.

No, I don't share the view that our referees are slipping. We may disagree with some decisions, but they do a thankless job in a fair manner.

WASTE OF TIME?

Keen soccer fans must have noticed that some of the top clubs are beginning to slip and lose their early season polish on the present heavy soggy grounds. I have, of course, already referred to this problem, and the fact that a halt should be called in mid-season to League and Cup football until the grounds have recovered.

Many fans don't agree with this, and accuse professional players of being squeamish. It is not that at all. I know many great players who are dis-

gusted when the manager has to tell them: "Cut out the short passing—no fancy stuff—keep the ball moving and chase and harry the others into defensive mistakes."

If that's football, then Stan Matthews, Bobby Johnston, Enrie Taylor, Eddie Baily, Roy Bentley, Tom Finney and all the other chaps who have spent years perfecting their ball control have been wasting their time.

And this brings me to the best wisecrack I've heard for weeks. A certain team were losing at half time and a director plaintively complained to the coach: "What's wrong with them? Tell them to swing it..."

Back came the reply: "They're not a jazz band, you know, Sir X..."

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Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Tilden, Perry, Budge and Kramer.
2. Lawn Tennis, Boxing and Athletics.
3. The stroke and the cox.
4. Gus Leavelle.
5. Babe Ruth, Joe Davis, Ray Robinson and John Charles.
6. All of them.
7. An association football, maximum weight 16ozs. against 16ozs. of a rugby ball.
8. India.
9. No.
10. White.
11. Three.
12. Equestrian.
13. Show Jumping, Boxing, Cycling, Lawn Tennis.
14. Bill Tilden.
15. Jack Hobbs—197.
16. Jack Dempsey, first against Jess Willard then against Luis Firpo.
17. On a bowling green.
18. West Bromwich Albion in 1931.
19. The marathon.
20. 1938.

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Danish Tennis Star For Australia

Sydney (NSW). Danish Tennis Champion Kurt Nielsen will probably visit Australia from the end of February until Easter. He will play in exhibition matches but not in any major tournaments.

Nielsen is an employee of Slazengers in Copenhagen. Mr Noel Morris, Australian sales director of Slazengers (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., said: "Plans are being made for Nielsen's visit. He will come here primarily for business training, especially to learn merchandising. There is nothing definite about his tennis yet, but he may play with Ken Rosewall and Neale Fraser in exhibitions in Sydney and Brisbane and in New South Wales and Queensland country centres."

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

Dear George - I've gone to see Mrs. Kent...

...if I'm not back when you've finished gardening would you put the kettle on for tea?

but don't bother if I return before you read this note - says

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